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The Week.

THE constitutional amendment, as amended and passed last week, still fails to commend itself to our judgment, and, so far as we can see, to the common sense of the people. Its fate, meanwhile, is still doubtful, and a fair opportunity for considering its merits can be had by every Legislature to which it may come. The motives which induced the Republican opponents of the amendment to unite, most of them, with the majority on the final vote, are not clear. Perhaps it was simply an adhesion to the party; possibly the President's warning note excited the very opposition it was meant to intimidate. Neither reason was a good one. The amendment throws overboard the right of Federal military control in the conquered States, the right to regulate the suffrage there, and to make intelligence the qualification of suffrage. There seems to be a constantly strengthening popular demand that the last-named right should be exercised, if only for the sake of furthering the cause of education at the South.

SENATOR CHANDLER, of Michigan, has a grand plan for coercing England into payment of the *Alabama* damages, by putting an end to all commercial intercourse with her, and he declares he will keep urging it to his last hour. This scheme rises about to the level of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens's gold bill, which, as our readers may remember, that philosophical politician justified by appealing to the Middle Ages. If Senator Chandler will give himself the trouble to think and read a little on this great work of his life, he will find that he might as well try to dam up the Niagara as to stop commercial intercourse with any country with which intercourse will pay. Even if no American vessel were allowed to enter a British port, or a British vessel one of ours, trade would continue through the medium of some Continental country, if there was anything to be made by it. The thing has often been tried, and always with the same result. Every port in Russia was sealed up during the Crimean war, and yet there was little if any rise in the price of Russian commodities in the London market.

THE bill prohibiting the registry of any ship as an American vessel which during the war sailed under a foreign flag, has passed the House by a large majority. There was not a word said in favor of it except that it was a good way of punishing men who "deserted their flag" and filled their pockets with "British profits"—whatever that may mean. What service a man could render his country by hav-

ing his ship burnt by a rebel privateer nobody explained. The fact is, that anybody who put a ship out of harm's way did serve the country very effectually. As regards the point of honor, it is easy for those to talk of it whose goods and chattels were all on dry land when Semmes was roving the seas. Why does not Mr. Thaddeus Stevens now bring in a bill for the punishment of all persons who, during the war, transferred their property to the English funds? They are far guiltier than the poor ship-owners, as they really did repudiate the protection of the United States Government, while the ship-owners asked for it in vain.

THE Seventh Regiment ball, of which so much was expected, was, the reporters to the contrary notwithstanding, a tolerably discreditable affair. The overcrowding was disgraceful, and converted the guests, at least at one period of the evening, into a disorderly mob. This result is now so common in all public entertainments given on a large scale, that it is assuming the proportions of a national scandal. The managers seem to have no sense of responsibility—we will not say of decency—about the number of tickets issued, and the consequence is that both ladies and gentlemen now go prepared for a personal struggle, many of the former, as is well known, wearing their old clothes, without the smallest expectation of playing their legitimate part by adding brilliancy to the scene, and with some fears of having their garments torn off their backs. This confusion has occurred now so often since large balls and receptions got to be the fashion, that it may seem hardly worth while to comment on it. But we are satisfied that the love of order and decorum and good manners is growing, and not declining in the community, and that if the public would only express its sense of these performances, the unscrupulous personages who issue tickets to twice as many persons as they are prepared to receive, with even common comfort, would be shamed into moderation. There is an art in getting up public entertainments. Won't some one or two men in each of the great cities cultivate it a little? The popular impression seems to be that when you have ordered an immense supper, a great deal of hangings and gas, and made a hole to put coats and hats in, you can bid the whole population take part in the feast. The street-cars are evidently producing their effect by developing a love of or indifference to crowding.

THE Chamber of Commerce last Thursday had urged upon them the importance of a scientific commission to China and Japan to study the agricultural economy of those countries. One argument was our want of information concerning the mode of crystalizing the products of sorghum. But according to the Rev. Justus Doellittle, whose book on the social life of the Chinese has just been issued by the Harpers, it is not in China that we may expect to obtain the desired instruction. He says:

"The so-called Chinese sugar-cane, or sorghum, is grown very extensively in Northern China, and is known among foreigners as a kind of millet—the *Barbadoes Millet*. The Chinese name for it is *Kauliang*. . . . The Chinese do not express the juice from its stalks for the purpose of manufacturing molasses or sugar, and they manifest surprise when informed that such a use is made of it in the United States. They make a coarse kind of bread from the flour of the seeds of the *Kauliang*, eaten principally by the poorer classes. The stalks are used for fuel, for lathing in the partitions of houses, for slight and temporary fences, etc. . . . During a few years past, many enquiries have been made in regard to the manner in which the Chinese manufacture sugar and molasses out of the sorghum; but such information is vainly sought of them."

IN a lecture on the Indians in this city, last week, Dr. D. J. Macgowan advocated the formation of an "Aboriginal Protective Society," whose special function should be to expose the frauds practised on the

Indians by the agents of the Government—frauds which, it is well known, have caused almost all the misery and provoked the bloody revenges of their victims. Such a society would, no doubt, accomplish a humane and much needed work, even if the better spirit in which the Indian question is now attempted to be solved pervades our new legislation. The plans to which we alluded in our recent articles on this subject are likely to be far better intended than executed.

THE diary of Congress which we publish from week to week is prepared at the Capital expressly for THE NATION, and in the most thorough and conscientious manner. To compress the essential proceedings of both Houses into such narrow compass, while aiming to secure perfect accuracy, is a task which requires much time, constant and careful attention, and no little labor; so that, in fact, it is very seldom attempted. Neither from the telegraphic reports nor from the summaries of the daily press can one ascertain with certainty the precise stage of business in our national legislature at the close of its day's or week's work.

SENATOR BROWN wants Congress to authorize the Post-office Department "to construct and operate telegraph lines along the principal mail routes," or otherwise to connect the mail service with telegraphic facilities. This union, we observe, has just been attempted on a small scale on the Continent, but we do not believe the time has yet come for it here. The present mismanagement of the Post-office, and the rotation by which its employees are periodically unsettled, forbid our charging it with an extra burden, and affording it another excuse for inefficiency. The system needs a thorough overhauling, and, until it gets it, we are opposed to its adding any more strings to its bow.

CAPTAIN SEMMES writes to the President that, "when America shall have a history, his (Semmes's) record and that of the gallant Southern people will be engrafted on it," and he begs Mr. Johnson not "to suffer it to be tarnished" by trying him for running away in the *Deerhound*. He adds another paragraph of a lengthy rhetorical character, from which it is evident that he thinks himself a very remarkable man. The fact is, however, that whenever Semmes's "record" comes to be "engrafted," the wonder will be that so much fuss was ever made by so insignificant a person. He won no distinction in the war to which a great many buccaneers could not lay claim. Many of the latter destroyed twice as much property in the Spanish Main as he did all over the world. As a naval officer, the man is hardly worth notice even by the "historian" Pollard. In his one fight with a foe of equal force he was dropped into the water after an hour's cannonading, which ought to condemn him to perpetual silence about his own career. His trial, however, will be a curious affair, as the legal arguments in it are sure to be at least original.

MR. TRUMBULL's bill for the protection of civil rights has passed the Senate. Should it fare as well in the House it will, as Mr. Morrill observed, mark a new epoch in the history of American legislation, as it will be the first attempt of the national Government to enforce the constitutional provisions for the protection of life, liberty, and property in all parts of the Union.

Two of the ablest lawyers in England, Mr. Edward James, Q. C., and Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, have given a careful opinion upon the legality of Governor Eyre's proceedings in Jamaica. They say the assumption of absolute power by officers of the Government for the suppression of insurrection is lawful, but it must be justified by the necessity of the case, and any exercise of it beyond this is illegal; and what constitutes necessity it is for a judge and jury before whom they may be brought to trial to decide. Was Mr. Gordon's execution necessary? They hold not, inasmuch as Kingston, in which he was tried and put to death, was not even declared to be under martial law—showing that Governor Eyre did not consider that any ground existed for the assumption of extraordinary power in that place. And, finally, they advise that Governor Eyre may be either indicted for murder in Middlesex or

impeached in Parliament. There would, we need hardly say, not be the slightest chance of his conviction before the House of Lords, but before a London jury the result might be different.

THE Confederate bondholders have held another meeting in London, the report of which is very amusing reading. They seem to have the lowest possible opinion both of Erlanger and of Schroder, the Confederate agents in London and Paris respectively, and rely mainly on the "great principles of international law" and the honor of the Southern States. By way no doubt of working on the feelings of the federal Government, it was mentioned by Mr. Chamberlayne that "the fact of the loan showed the intense sympathy" (felt in England) "for the South." Why do not these gentlemen send a committee to Washington with instructions to stay there for a month and report faithfully what they hear about themselves and their mission? This would shed more light on their chances of repayment than fifty meetings in London.

It appears to be not so much a question of suppressing the insurrection in Spain as of running it down. Gen. Prim still held the lead at the latest accounts, and was heading for Portugal.

THE new Italian Ministry have begun their work vigorously. The War Minister has ordered the suspension of the levy already in progress, which embraced all citizens born in 1845. This action is not properly a disarmament, but a return to the law, which in ordinary times (*nei tempi normali*) holds those only liable to recruitment who have completed their twenty-first year in the year when the levy is ordered. The Minister of Finance intends benefiting the schools and universities, and the treasury, by cutting off unnecessary inspectors and professors.

ITALY has lost a many-sided man in the person of Massimo d'Azzeglio, author, artist, and statesman, who died at Turin on the 15th of January. He effected much by his writings for the present unity of his countrymen, and sided latterly with the Government party rather than with the Liberals.

CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3, 1866.

Two most important measures have this week passed the ordeal of a vote—one in the Senate, and the other in the House of Representatives. The first is the bill reported by Mr. Trumbull, from the Judiciary Committee, conferring upon all persons in the United States equal rights to make and enforce contracts; to sue and give evidence; to inherit, purchase, hold, and convey property; and to the full and equal benefit of all laws for the security of person and property, *any law, regulation, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding*. The bill confers upon the U. S. courts jurisdiction over offences in violation of its provisions, to the exclusion of the State courts, and enters, in much legal detail, into provisions and penalties for securing its full enforcement. There is no doubt that this act supplies the "appropriate legislation" which Congress is authorized in the terms of the late Constitutional Amendment to supply, in order to give effect to the prohibition of slavery. It has been fought with persistent determination by the whole force of Democratic senators, reinforced by the powerful aid of Mr. Cowan, of Pennsylvania, who was elected as a Republican four years ago. Although it may be fairly claimed that the enactment digs the grave of State rights, so far as class distinctions between citizens in respect to life and liberty are concerned, it does not go the length of equalizing the elective franchise. It is difficult to see how any sincere friend of the abolition of slavery can honestly object to it, since it only interposes a bulwark between the late slave and that "unfriendly legislation" which clings with tenacious grip to the superior rights of the master-class. It simply plants the slave on his manhood, as against his late condition of chattelhood, and maintains him there by the strong arm of the general Government, thereby merely keeping the promise held out in the Constitutional Amendment.

The passage by the House, on Wednesday, of the joint resolution proposing a constitutional amendment to base representation upon such

part of the population as is not denied the elective franchise on account of color, was a most unexpected thing. The way in which it was brought about is too well understood to require amplification; but it may be stated that the strong vote by which it passed was a proof not of unanimity, but of a fixed resolve to rebuke a supposed Executive dictation. That the unfriendly criticisms of the President upon constitutional amendments at this time were officially (though informally) promulgated through the telegraph, was well understood by every member of the House. That the object of that promulgation was to influence the legislation of Congress, although more doubtful, was generally believed. Another consideration which led to unexpected unanimity was the fact that, nothing else being generally agreed upon, the proposition of the Committee was as unobjectionable as any that could be offered, and, as speedy action was desirable for the sake of its moral effect upon the country, individual objections were almost universally surrendered. The only recusants among the strict Republicans were one Rhode Island and two Massachusetts members, who insist upon national negro suffrage, and Messrs. Hale and Raymond, of New York, who alone of the dominant party voted in accordance with the President's known views. Of the Border slave State members, ten voted for the amendment and sixteen against it, which, considering all the circumstances, is a splendid record. That the measure will also pass the Senate by a two-thirds majority is regarded as certain. Of course it is independent of the President's approval, and will go to the States with the sole endorsement of Congress.

Mr. Sumner has given notice of a joint resolution which he will offer as a "counter proposition" to this amendment. It declares the State governments in the States lately in rebellion to have "lapsed," and that all persons in those States shall have the right of suffrage and all other rights, civil and political, anything in the constitution or laws in such States to the contrary notwithstanding. It is surprising that Mr. Sumner should expect any good to be effected from the adoption by Congress of such vague legislation as this, in lieu of a constitutional amendment which would be binding, if adopted, upon all the States, or of statutory enactments like the Civil Rights and Freedmen's Bureau bills, both of which not only guarantee a right, but supply a remedy. Most of Mr. Sumner's bills and joint resolutions (and he has been very fruitful in both at this session) have the air of town-meeting resolves, reciting well-established and indisputable axioms, and re-enacting the phrases of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. So accomplished a student of history and jurisprudence should have found out that rights, in order to be maintained, must have a basis of specific law to rest upon, and that the "appropriate legislation" needful to enforce the constitutional abolition of slavery, is not to be supplied by a declaratory resolution of ten lines setting forth nothing but political truisms. It may be well enough to have an "orator of the human race" to deal with our foreign affairs in the Senate, but it is fortunate that a more practical intellect presides over the deliberations of the Judiciary Committee.

DIARY.

Monday, Jan. 29, 1866.—In the Senate, a message was received from the President, declining to communicate, as incompatible with the public interest, the correspondence of Major-General Sheridan, etc., relating to any violation of neutrality by the United States army on the bank of the Rio Grande. Mr. Harris introduced a bill to re-organize the Judiciary of the United States. Referred. Mr. Sherman offered a bill to promote military education, empowering the President to detail army officers to act as heads of established colleges for that purpose. Referred. Mr. Yates offered a bill prohibiting any State from making any distinction between citizens on account of race or color, and declaring that all citizens shall be protected in all rights, including the right of suffrage. Referred. Mr. Wilson offered a bill to increase the number of cadets in the Military Academy by two from each State, to be appointed by the President, and seventy-five additional cadets to be appointed from sons of those who have died in military service; also increasing the requirements for admission. Referred. A bill to restrict the charges for collecting soldiers' claims to \$10 was passed. The bill reported by Mr. Trumbull from the Judiciary Committee, to protect all persons in the United States in their civil rights, was taken up. Mr. Trumbull explained and vindicated the bill as securing freedom in fact and equality of civil rights to all persons alike, and investing the courts of the United States, to the exclusion of the State courts, with power to enforce them. Mr. Saulsbury attacked the bill as dangerous, oppressive, unjust, unconstitutional, and subversive of State rights.

In the House, a resolution commending the refusal of the President to accept presents, and censuring the practice of Government officials in receiving presents from subordinates, was passed. Mr. Julian offered a resolution favoring the speedy trial of Jefferson Davis for treason, but the House refused to order the previous question upon it. The report of the Commission upon the revenue system was presented from the

Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Raymond spoke three hours upon the constitutional amendment fixing the basis of representation, diverging to the general questions in issue, affirming that the Southern States have resumed their functions of self-government in the Union, that they did not change their constitutional relations by making war, and that Congress should admit their representatives by districts, receiving only loyal men as members. Messrs. Julian and Johnson also made speeches.

January 30.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner reported from the Committee on Foreign Relations a bill for payment of claims for French spoils prior to 1801. The Judiciary Committee reported a resolution that J. P. Stockton is entitled to a seat as Senator from New Jersey. Mr. Brown offered a resolution of enquiry as to expediency of the Post-office Department constructing and opening telegraph lines. Referred. The bill for protecting all persons in their civil rights was debated.

In the House, a motion to admit to the privileges of the floor the representative elect from the State of Arkansas was refused—yeas, 64; nays, 94. The deficiency appropriation bill was reported, and made a special order for February 6. The constitutional amendment regarding the basis of representation was recommitted to the Joint Committee on Reconstruction. The resolution rejecting all claims for damages to property of loyal or disloyal citizens by our army within the rebel States was passed, the House having refused to table it by a vote of 36 to 118. The Senate bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau was taken up and discussed by Mr. Eliot in its favor.

January 31.—In the Senate, Mr. Lane offered the petition of 124 women of Kansas praying for a constitutional amendment prohibiting the States from disfranchising women. A joint resolution of thanks to Admiral Farragut was passed. The bill to protect all persons in their civil rights was discussed by Messrs. Davis, Trumbull, Clark, and Johnson.

In the House, a bill was passed authorizing the sale of marine hospitals and revenue cutters. The Committee of Commerce reported a bill providing that no American vessel which sailed under a foreign flag during the rebellion shall be registered as an American vessel, or have rights and privileges as such, without act of Congress. Laid over. Mr. Stevens reported back the constitutional amendment yesterday recommitted to the Reconstruction Committee, with an amendment striking out the words "and direct taxes," so as to fix simply the basis of representation in Congress upon population, excluding those races or colors to which the elective franchise is denied or abridged. Mr. Schenck offered a substitute making "male citizens of the United States over twenty-one years" the basis of representation. Lost—yeas, 29; nays, 130. Mr. Stevens made a speech, severely reflecting upon the President for causing a manifesto of his opinions against constitutional amendments to be published, pending the deliberation of the representatives of the people; also rebuking Mr. Raymond for honoring the rebel dead, and declaring his opposition to Mr. Schenck's amendment, because it inserted the word "male" in the Constitution, excluded from the basis of representation large numbers of foreign-born citizens in the Northern States, and was practically certain to be defeated before the State legislatures. The House then adopted the constitutional amendment as reported by Mr. Stevens—yeas, 120; nays, 46; absent, 16. The Speaker declared the resolution proposing the amendment adopted by the constitutional majority of two-thirds. The Freedmen's Bureau bill was taken up, and opposed in speeches by Messrs. Dawson and Taylor. At the evening session, Mr. Kelley spoke four hours against free trade; Mr. Dennison made a speech against amending the Constitution; and Mr. Paine spoke against hasty reconstruction and for universal suffrage.

February 1.—In the Senate, Mr. Howard's resolution in favor of the trial by military commission of Jefferson Davis and C. C. Clay, on the charge of inciting assassination and violating the usages of war, was taken up. Mr. Howard defended it at length, taking issue with the opinion of the Attorney-General on the subject. The Senate proceeded with the bill to secure the civil rights of all persons. Messrs. Morrill, Davis, Trumbull, Henderson, and others made speeches. The bill was amended to provide that "all persons born in the United States, and not subject to any foreign power, excluding Indians not subject to tribal authority, are hereby declared to be citizens of the United States without distinction of color." Mr. Fessenden gave notice that he should call up the proposed constitutional amendment on February 5.

In the House, Mr. Morrill, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill for raising revenue for the support of the Government. Made a special order for February 8. The bill to prevent the issue of American registers to vessels which have sailed under foreign flags during the rebellion was passed. The Freedmen's Bureau bill was discussed by Messrs. Donnelly and Garfield in its favor, and by Mr. Kerr against it. Mr. Donnelly proposed an amendment, authorizing the Commissioner of Freedmen to provide common-school education for all. Laid over.

February 2.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner offered a joint resolution as a counter-proposition to the proposed constitutional amendment. It declares that in the late rebel States there shall be no oligarchy, aristocracy, or caste with peculiar privileges, and no denial of rights on account of color, but that all persons shall be equal before the laws, in the courts, or at the ballot-box; and that this statute, made in pursuance of the Constitution, shall be the supreme law of the land. A joint resolution was passed, setting apart a room in the Patent Office for exhibition of gold and silver and other minerals, the product of the United States. The bill from the Post-office Committee, authorizing the sale of stamps on credit in the Southern States to persons not postmasters, who give bonds, was taken up. Mr. Sumner opposed it on the ground that the Postmaster-General was relaxing the test-oath of 1862 in his official appointments. Mr. Wilson favored the bill on the ground that it would accommodate the Southern people and be an advantage to the Government. The bill was passed. The bill to protect all persons in the United States in their civil rights was taken up. Mr. Garret Davis spoke three hours against the bill, denouncing it as "unconstitutional, unjust, despotic, oppressive, iniquitous, unwise, impolitic, outrageous, and diabolical, and calculated to keep up for ever a severance of the Union." Mr. Trumbull replied that the bill thus characterized, being simply a bill to secure equal rights, must therefore be as bad as all these epithets indicated, in the eyes of the senator from Kentucky. Messrs. Guthrie, Hendricks, Cowan, and Saulsbury opposed the bill, and Messrs. Wilson and Lane advocated it, after which it was passed—yeas, 33; nays, 12. A message was received from the President, communicating a letter from the Chief-Justice of the United States declaring his reluctance to hold a circuit court in the State of Virginia for the trial of treason cases while martial law is extended

over that State and in advance of action by Congress on the whole subject of the rebel States. Also, a message recommending the appointment of a Minister to the Dominican Republic and recognizing its independence. Also, a message transmitting a letter of Major-General Sherman as to the condition and prospects of Arkansas. Adjourned to February 5.

In the House, Mr. Raymond introduced a bill providing for warehouses in New York for reception of goods from vessels subject to quarantine. Referred. Mr. Stevens offered the regular annual civil appropriation bill. Made a special order for February 12. A long debate arose on the contested election case of Dodge *vs.* Brooks, for the Eighth Congressional District in New York. Laid over, for the printing of testimony in the case. The Freedmen's Bureau bill was opposed in a speech by Mr. Kerr. The rest of the day was consumed on private bills.

February 3.—The Senate was not in session. In the House, the Freedmen's Bureau bill was discussed all the day and evening. Speeches in its favor were made by Messrs. Hubbard, of Conn., and Moulton, and against it by Messrs. Marshall, Ritter, Rousseau, Shanklin, and Phelps. Adjourned to February 5.

THE FREEDMEN.

THE report of Gen. Sprague, Assistant Commissioner for Missouri and Arkansas, for the quarter ending Dec. 31, pertains only to the latter State. He has found the system of employing trustworthy civilians as superintendents a success. Of the twenty-five superintendents in Arkansas, sixteen are citizen agents for the Bureau. In the southern and south-western portions of the State, the people still ignore their duties to the Government and the Bureau, and seem largely animated by the old rebel spirit. The Hon. E. W. Gantt, once an uncompromising rebel, but who long ago repented in words and works, has become one of the agents of the Bureau, and, through his fair dealing with the freedmen as well as considerable influence with the whites, has succeeded in initiating a much better state of affairs in Southern Arkansas. As he is a man of great intelligence, and a prominent citizen, his statements are entitled to consideration. He says, in a report to Gen. Sprague:

"I see by the act of Congress organizing the Bureau that its existence is limited to one year after the war. If it should not be extended there is no hope for the freedmen of Arkansas, Texas, and that portion of the South remote from railroads and telegraphs. They will be starved, murdered, or forced into a condition more horrible than the worst stages of slavery. Our people's wrath over defeat would be poured upon the heads of the helpless ones once their slaves. I say this sorrowfully of our people, yet I know it is but too true; their prejudices give way slowly; by extending the existence of the Bureau, what education and thought failed to do might be supplied by an influx of liberal-minded people."

General Sprague declares that the above statements are corroborated by all the testimony that reaches him from other parts of the State, and gives it as his deliberate opinion that if the military are withdrawn, not a school for colored children would be allowed in the borders of the State, and not an outspoken Union man be permitted to remain. Laborers are in great demand in Arkansas, and twenty dollars per month, with board, cabins, fuel, medicines, etc., are readily offered for first-class hands. Five thousand additional freedmen in the State could easily obtain employment.

General Tillson, Assistant Commissioner for Georgia, writes on the 23d ult. to the Commissioner, and complains that the troops have been withdrawn from Georgia to such an extent that the interests of the Bureau and of the freedmen have greatly suffered thereby; that so few troops remain that they are almost all needed to protect public property, and that, for want of a few troops to aid them in the performance of their duties, the efficiency of many of his agents is almost completely paralyzed. He says that nearly all the females and young men are open in their expressions of hatred for Yankees and negroes; that the only public opinion which makes itself felt is as bitter and malignant as ever, and that "unless we keep a firm, just, kind hand upon these people, all our past labor will be thrown away."

Letters from South Carolina show that General R. K. Scott, the new Assistant Commissioner for that State, is meeting with great success in the solution of the problems before him, and that the freed people are beginning to repose in him the same confidence given his predecessor, Gen. Saxton.

Superintendent Eberhart, at Augusta, Georgia, reports that there were in the State in December 57 schools with 67 teachers. The number of pupils was 4,351, of whom 2,117 could read. Of the 67 teachers, 31 are colored and natives of the South. In seven localities the freed people have contributed, since the close of the rebellion, \$3,963 to the support of their schools; and, to all the schools

established by Northern societies, they invariably contribute enough money to meet all contingent expenses. The societies laboring in this State are the American Missionary Association and the New England Freedmen's Aid Society. The former occupies, exclusively, the cities of Augusta, Atlanta, and Macon, and, in conjunction with the latter, the city of Savannah. The latter society occupies Columbus, Americus, and Athens. There is persistent opposition on the part of the whites to negro education.

The freedmen of Georgia assembled in convention at Augusta on the 10th of last month. They passed resolutions claiming equal political rights, and formed an association, of which they made Capt. J. E. Bryant president. He accepted the office and endorsed their claims in a very sensible speech. Gen. Tillson also spoke, by invitation, somewhat more at length. He told the convention frankly that he thought neither white nor black should be allowed to vote unless qualified by a certain amount of intelligence.

—A correspondent writes us from Houston that during Gen. Gregory's tour through Texas he had occasion to address the freedmen in the neighborhood of one Judge Elmore, a Methodist slaveholder, who had not yet abandoned whips, chains, and hounds in the management of his plantation. This fact having been divulged by one of the hands who was present, and the judge confessing on the spot, Gen. Gregory at once ordered him to be arrested and taken to Houston. Here he sued out a writ of habeas corpus. The general asked for time, which was granted, and when the case came up responded that where the civil courts had failed in their duty, he claimed jurisdiction under the Bureau and had exercised it. He refused to obey the writ. Judge Caldwell sustained him, his opinion being, in substance, that the Freedmen's Bureau is for a good and legitimate purpose; that its officers have certain rights which both people and courts must respect; that one is the right to protect the freedmen from ill-treatment when the courts neglect to do so; that in this case the civil courts had been guilty of neglect, and Gen. Gregory therefore had concurrent jurisdiction. So the writ was dismissed.

—A correspondent of the New York Times writes from Jackson, Mississippi, that high wages prevail on many of the plantations in that vicinity. Very numerous contracts have been made with the freedmen for \$15 a month, including lodging, clothing, and food. In the neighborhood of Vicksburg labor is very scarce, and \$18 and \$20 a month are not uncommon wages. A North Alabama paper says that "first-class hands, without encumbrance, are hiring for \$200 per year, with rations, quarters, and wood, the negro to clothe himself and pay his doctor's bills." Another paper in the same State says: "The ruling prices paid first-class plantation hands is \$10 per month, the negro furnishing his own clothes and paying his doctor's bills."

Minor Topics.

WHEN Mr. Archibald Peachblossom received his certificate of teacher, he felt a glow of simple, honest pride, and he took in his hard hand the little carpet-sack which his mother had so carefully packed, and came at once to New York to make his fortune. He had heard that, by the assistance of the Preceptors' Mutual Aid and Comfort Society, he should be able at once to find a place as teacher in a public school or tutor in a private family. Having amassed a handsome competence in one or other of these lucrative vocations, he could either retire to his village of Greenfields or go into business and become a millionaire. Riding down in the cars from Greenfields, he was unable to decide which of these things he should do, but he felt that the decision of the question might be safely deferred to another time.

The apartment in which the business of the Preceptors' Mutual Aid and Comfort Society was transacted was not so stately as young Peachblossom had figured in his own mind, and there were no Mutual Aiders and Comforters in council there, as he thought there might happen to be, when the candidate for their association should step in. The manner of the gentleman at the desk, however, was very cordial and reassuring. As soon as Peachblossom stated his wish to become a member of the society, this gentleman assumed towards him a tone in which

the pious father and the indulgent uncle were gracefully blended, and said that he would take a personal interest in finding him a suitable place; that he would advertise his application very carefully, and see that he got something to do immediately. In a word, he might consider the thing done. Mr. Peachblossom paid the fee of initiation—it was not great, but it came out of a fortune as yet but slender—and was bowed from the office, very proud and happy that his interests should be in the keeping of such an institution. He could hardly sleep that night thinking of his good luck.

After this he began to call every morning at the P. M. A. and C. Society office, and was too sensible to be hurt by a dawning abruptness in the address of the hard-worked manager. Even when this became downright coldness he did not much mind it, but he was rather angered when it grew to be a positive neglect, and he could scarcely get any answer from the manager concerning his prospects. Sometimes he met other Aiders and Comforters there on business similar to his own, and he thought them rather forlorn and anxious-looking for Aiders and Comforters. It appeared that places for tutors and teachers were hard to get, even through the society.

Mr. Peachblossom, walking down the street, observed a sign, "Intelligence Office," and glancing in at the window, he saw numbers of Bridgets of all ages and sexes sitting round the room in attitudes of hope or dejection, and looking extremely like the Aiders and Comforters he had just left. What—his heart almost stopped as he asked himself the question—what if the Preceptors' Mutual Aid and Comfort Society were, in spite of its flattering name, only an Intelligence Office, after all? What if the manager were, in fact, the whole concern, and there were little or no aid and comfort in it, except what the manager got?

After a long while answers began to be made to Mr. Peachblossom's advertisement—sometimes he was sent to confer personally with people seeking a teacher or tutor, and, under the auspices of the Mutual Aid and Comfort Society, he felt remarkably like Bridget going with a character from the Intelligence Office.

When he at last found a place, the Mutual Aid and Comfort Society exhibited itself in a new and interesting light. It claimed from him, as a member in good standing, the payment of six per cent. on the whole amount of his salary as tutor, and it exacted the payment for a term of months. Finding this system oppressive, Mr. Peachblossom reflected a little, and it occurred to him that if the members of the society were subjected to this onerous tax, he had better resign. He therefore wrote a letter to the manager, and resigned his membership. The manager answered that he could not resign. His membership, like allegiance to the British crown, could not be thrown off.

Nevertheless, Mr. Peachblossom persisted in his resignation, and utterly refused to pay the tax any more. The manager expostulated in vain, and then resolved to see the gentleman who had employed Mr. Peachblossom, and procure his dismissal. The gentleman, informed of the affair by Mr. P., was pleased to see the manager, and to talk with him; but the manager was somewhat embarrassed in opening the subject. It is possible that he had read "Nicholas Nickleby," and remembered Mr. Squeers. He regretted, however, to tell Mr. Peachblossom's patron that Mr. P. had treated him very ill; had refused to pay his dues as a member of the Mutual Aid and Comfort Society, and had attempted to resign. He advised our friend to dismiss Mr. Peachblossom.

"All this," said our friend, "does not concern me in the least. I find Mr. Peachblossom honest, faithful, and capable. If I dismissed him to-day on your society's account, I should engage him to-morrow on my own."

"Now, I will put it to you in the abstract and as a man of business," said the manager. "Suppose you had a porter whom you found in every way satisfactory, and this porter's former employer came to you and complained that he had been wronged by the porter: what would you do?"

Our friend having the case put to him in the abstract, felt absolved from the obligations of concrete politeness, and replied: he should tell the former employer to go about his business.

On this hint, the manager went, and poor young Peachblossom, secure from the clutch of that wicked despot, remained triumphing.

Dothemasters Institute is an establishment similar to the Preceptors' Mutual Aid and Comfort Society, and when Mr. Peachblossom retired from our friend's service (after having amassed the handsome competence before mentioned) the latter went to the institute and enquired for another tutor. He was supplied immediately, and told that a bill would be sent him for the institute's fee, which was small. In due time the bill came, a formidable broadside, covered on one side with certificates of the institute's probity and efficiency, and on the other with the items of the account specified in print. Among these our friend found a charge for one year's subscription to the "Quarterly Peruvian Pedagogue," a review published by the institute, and looking over the remarks with which the account was prefaced, he learned, for the first time, and to his great surprise, that he had been expected, on making application for a teacher at the institute, to subscribe for the "Quarterly Peruvian Pedagogue." This he considered a much more ingenious method of procuring subscriptions for a periodical than the system of those publishers who offer a Portable Steam Saw-mill, or a White Siamese Elephant, to any person sending them a club of one thousand subscribers; but, though he admired the device, he did not want the review, and he did not care to pay for it. The agent of the institute had evidently foreseen contingencies of this sort, for, on casting his eye at the bottom of the sheet, our friend found a note, requesting him to send the sum of the account, if correct, by next mail; and if not correct, to please to have the kindness to send what *was* right, and the agent would promptly return a receipt. This was strictly business-like, and our friend took advantage of the opportunity offered him to strike out the charge for the "Quarterly Peruvian Pedagogue," and then transmitted the balance.

He is a man of business, largely engaged in the artificial oyster and patent clam-soup trade, and he thinks of starting a journal to be called the *Bivalve's Friend*. When people make purchase of a bushel of artificial oysters, or a barrel of patent clam-soup, he will send in a bill for the *Bivalve's Friend*, with the observation that persons trading with him are expected to subscribe for the paper; but he will sagaciously add that if the account is not correct, the purchaser may return what is right. Having achieved these triumphs of impudence, he thinks he may yet be capable of making the young men in his service members of a Mutual Aid and Comfort Society, liable to an assessment of six per cent. on their salaries. In this society resignation will be impossible.

WE have received the following article, with a request from the author to publish it if it should meet our approval. We think it might safely have been made longer (though we hope our contributors generally will not act upon this admission), but as far as it goes we find it so exhaustive of the subject that we cannot justly withhold it. Like Lessing's monograph on the Laocoon, it leaves nothing to be said, and we should not be surprised if the essayist had exhausted himself as well as his subject in this single effort of the intellect. We know that future productions can add nothing to the reputation which this will establish, and we warn our contributor that we shall feel hereafter obliged, out of a high regard for the interests of literature, as well as his own, to decline his contributions:

MUSIC.

Music is the science of combining sounds in such a manner as shall be agreeable and pleasing to the ear. There are very few people possessing the slightest pretensions to a good refined taste but have spoken of music in the highest terms of praise. The love of music seems to be, indeed, to a certain extent, inherent in our nature. The very rustics feel a sensation of gladness when they hear the simple melodies of the birds. It is also observable of music that all those fine and superior minds who have done honor to human nature by their immortal works, have given abundant evidence of their being powerfully affected by it. Milton seems to have been a perfect musical enthusiast, and Shakespeare makes the love and relish of music indispensable to mortal goodness. He says:

"The man that hath not music in his soul,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
Let no such man be trusted."

The special attention of the reader is directed to the Financial Review on another page. Its place among the advertisements is by no means significant of its value, but is resorted to only that we may obtain the latest intelligence of the market.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AS A WHIPPER-IN.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS, in a speech made at the late annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society in Boston, took occasion, when denouncing the Freedmen's Aid Associations for what he considers their lukewarmness in the cause of the negro, to make the following observations upon THE NATION:

"Look at this new journal, THE NATION, which undertakes to represent these Freedmen's Associations, and which all the subscribers of anti-slavery papers are advised to take instead of the old anti-slavery journals. How uncertain is its sound! How timid, vacillating, and non-committal is its policy! Where has Mr. Sumner a more heartless and unfair critic? Are you willing such a neutral should represent us? I name Mr. Sumner not from personal friendship or partiality, or in blindness to whatever defects some may fancy to exist in his statesmanship, or anything else; but I say to-day his name is a fair symbol, the accepted symbol, to represent this claim on the part of a portion of the American people, that before one rebel State puts its foot inside the halls of Congress, they shall put the ballot into the hands of the negro."

Mr. Phillips is mistaken. THE NATION has never "undertaken to represent the Freedmen's Aid Associations." No such intention has been announced in the columns of this journal, or in any prospectus or other document that has ever issued from this office. If anybody has been induced to subscribe to THE NATION under the impression that it was to be either the official successor of the old anti-slavery journals or the organ or representative of any body or association whatever, he has been unquestionably deceived, and he has the remedy in his own hands. The Freedmen's Aid Associations are not in any way responsible for what we say in our columns. We have no connection with the Freedmen's Aid movement, except that connection which all patriotic men ought, in our opinion, to have with it—the connection of sympathy and good wishes. We lend it our hearty and cordial support, and do what we can to diffuse a knowledge of the work it is performing, because we believe it to be a great and Christian work, one in which all men and classes on this continent are equally interested, and on the success of which the future happiness and prosperity of the whole country will largely depend. We consider that work to be the great duty imposed on the Northern people by the war, a duty which they cannot shirk, not only without damning themselves to everlasting shame, but without laying up for their children and their children's children a great store of trouble and misfortune. And as long as it is done, we care not what organization is charged with it.

In so far as we devote ourselves to the consideration of the condition of the negro at the South, and to the discussion of the various means that are from time to time proposed for improving it, it is not as a "negro question," but as a national question vitally affecting the interests of the whole country. The freedmen of the South are to us not simply freedmen. They are a part of the American commonwealth; and we seek their education, elevation, and happiness not simply from pity, but because we believe the continued degradation of any portion of its people to be dangerous to the state and a scandal to free government.

Whether our policy be "timid, vacillating, and non-committal," Mr. Phillips is not competent to judge. One of the penalties of the successful cultivation of his style of oratory is, that the orator comes at last to lose all sense of the exact force of language. An habitual consumer of brandy thinks the finest Johannisberg or Château Lafitte very weak wishy-washy stuff. Mr. Phillips has so long indulged himself in the use of superlatives that he detects moral turpitude in every attempt at exact definition. No one has more respect than we have for the single-minded devotion with which he has served the anti-slavery cause. He has done everything for it that zeal and eloquence and high personal character can do. But then he has, in long and arduous campaigns, contracted certain bad habits, one of which is—we are sorry to have

to use the word—unscrupulousness in the use of phrases and a strong love of exaggeration. He and his followers are afflicted, too, with that saddest of all forms of human conceit, which leaves no doubt in the minds of its victims that they have reached, by dint of talking and feeling, the pure truth on every social and political question. They have consequently ceased to discuss. If anybody differs with them, they simply, like the Holy Office, pass sentence upon him, strip him of all claims to consideration, and proceed to light up the fagots of their invective about him. The negro has been for generations robbed, and murdered mentally as well as physically. We have all stepped in to deliver him from the hands of his assailants. He is weak, bewildered, and demoralized. We are debating the question of restoratives. We think some nursing, some education, and, above all, the protection of the police, are amongst the first things he requires. Mr. Phillips wants to send him out in the street again armed with a pistol to protect himself, and accuses everybody who doubts the efficacy of this style of remedy of being in a league with the robbers, maintains that the question of medical treatment is a moral question, and that anybody who says tonics are of any use is a traitor and a blasphemer.

There is in the illustration of THE NATION's misconduct cited by Mr. Phillips something both melancholy and amusing. Our criticism of Mr. Sumner, he says, is not only "unfair," but "heartless." Mr. Sumner's "name is a fair symbol, the accepted symbol, to represent this claim on the part of a portion of the American people, that before one rebel State puts its foot inside the walls of Congress," etc. What is the inference which Mr. Phillips would have us draw from all this? Is it not that journals like THE NATION, laying claim to honesty, independence, and impartiality, must look on in respectful silence while Mr. Sumner gets up in his place in the Senate and accuses the President of the United States of a deliberate attempt to deceive the legislative body by misrepresenting facts of vital importance to the country and the Government, and does this in language of which even honest excitement could hardly excuse the coarseness? If we may not comment on an incident of this sort, when an advocate of negro suffrage happens to be the chief actor in it, on what may we comment? What is the use of the press if a man has only to become a "symbol to represent a claim," in order to make himself "legibus solutus," and impose silence even on those whose special business it is to watch the course of public men and speak their mind about it? Our criticisms on Mr. Sumner and everybody else may be ill-founded or ill-judged, but are always honest, and they shall certainly never be withheld; they shall go before our readers, like testimony before the courts, for what they are worth. Sensitive, charitable souls, who shrink from finding fault with anybody, and whose great care it is in all their public utterances to mete out exact justice to everybody, who love to impute the noblest motives even to the vilest sinners, and whose delicacy in the use of epithets is carried to the verge of fastidiousness, may think us sometimes, as in the case of Mr. Sumner, "heartless" and "unfair." But, then, in the rough and noisy world in which we live, we cannot always stop to consult the finer feelings of our nature. Mr. Sumner is a critic himself, and knows the difficulties of the office. What does he suppose Mr. Johnson thinks of his peculiar manner of filling it?

If there be one duty more than another which an upright and independent journal is called upon at the present crisis to discharge zealously, it is the duty of opposing by every means in its power the growing tendency to raise party leaders above the criticism of those who happen to agree with them as to general ends. We are fast getting into the habit of setting up political popes, and letting them compound dogmas and tests of orthodoxy for everybody who wants to serve the same cause with them. We are now called upon nearly every week to swallow some new article of faith, or stake all our hopes on some new expedient devised by this senator or that representative, in order to avoid being denounced as traitors or time-servers. And then, if anybody has the courage or honesty to express difference of opinion, even veteran masters of sarcasm and invective like Mr. Phillips, men who have spent a lifetime in lashing and denouncing what the rest of the world most delighted to honor, begin to whimper over the cruelty and "heartlessness" of the thing.

THE NATION does not propose to make a trade of carping or fault-finding, but it ought to be well understood that it is not bound, and never will be, by the rules or regulations of any party. It will never recognize in any man, however eminent or able, the right to compound opinions, or prescribe lines of policy, for his fellow-citizens. All orators, and senators, and statesmen are mortal, and therefore imperfect, and if a fair review were made of their political career would be found to have been fully as often wrong as right, both in their prophecies and reasonings. What they say is to be weighed and considered, not swallowed on our knees. What they do, every man owes it to himself and to the country to judge deliberately, by his own standard of right or wrong or of expediency, and to say exactly what he thinks about it on every opportunity. This course we for our part certainly shall follow. Those who like thick-and-thin laudation of great "standard-bearers" and "symbols" can find plenty of newspapers to supply it. In THE NATION they will always look for it in vain.

THE NEW SYSTEM OF TAXATION.

THE report of the Revenue Commission is, in many respects, the most remarkable and valuable public document which has appeared in the United States for a long time. In the first place, it is the result of careful enquiry into a very difficult subject by a body of men selected for their peculiar fitness for the task, and not for their political opinions; and, in the next place, it discusses the national resources, and points out the best mode of making them available for the support of the public credit, in a calm, business-like, and argumentative tone, and with perfect freedom from the bombast by which nearly everything that is now written on the subject of finance, strange as it may seem, is more or less defaced. There is not a single allusion to the prospect of "paying the national debt twice over" with Colorado gold, or in fact to the possibility of getting rid of any of our burdens in any way but the ordinary and well-known one of working hard, developing our resources, and saving as much as we can.

The report starts by doing what everybody who knew anything of the Commission, or had ever given any attention to the subject before them, believed they would do—passing a sentence of unmitigated condemnation on the existing system of taxation. Nothing but the confusion and excitement of the period at which the present law was framed and afterwards amended, can possibly excuse its badness. Congress was at first culpably afraid of taxing at all, but when driven into it by the noble eagerness of the people, it taxed with a recklessness, an indifference to the public comfort and capacity, such as has rarely been witnessed. There is hardly a single principle of taxation, deduced either from the experience of other nations or the laws of human nature, which was not violated in it. It hence nearly equalled Colbert's regulations in the elaborateness and multiplicity of the trammels it imposed on manufacturing industry; and although the fluctuations in the value of the currency during the war made trade extraordinarily and almost ruinously uncertain, there was rarely any hesitation evinced in Washington about aggravating this uncertainty by sudden and violent changes in the tariff. One of these changes, at least, has not for suddenness and violence ever been equalled in the legislation of any constitutional country. It is only in the records of Oriental despotism that a parallel could be found for the act of June 30, 1864, which clapped on an extra fifty per cent. of duties at a week's notice.

Nor is it the weight of the taxes only, or even their multiplicity, or the extent to which they hamper manufacturers, that makes the present system objectionable. As an instrument of political and social corruption it has rarely been surpassed. In a country in which frequent elections render it desirable that the Executive should possess the fewest possible means of corrupting public opinion, it fills the land with a swarm of employees, without either training or experience or traditions, badly paid, holding their places at the will of the Government. The defect on which the Commission naturally comments with most reprehension is the enormous number of the taxes, and the number of times which they are levied on the same article by striking at different stages of the manufacture, so that not only is the total amount of the impost which the consumer has to pay on the finished work very

heavy, but it is largely increased by the trouble and annoyance and delay occasioned by the indefinite duplication. The case cited in the report in illustration is that of umbrellas, in the construction of which ten or twelve different articles are employed, each of which pays a separate tax before reaching the umbrella manufacturer, and is then taxed in his hands over again.

Another cause of the weight with which the present system bears on the industry of the country is the entire absence of any adjustment of the internal taxation to the tariff on foreign goods. Some articles of domestic manufacture in this way enjoy enormous protection, others not only enjoy none, but are strongly discriminated against by the tariff. Amongst the latter are umbrellas, against which there is actually a discrimination of from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. in favor of the foreign article, so that an industry in which 5,000 persons are employed in Philadelphia and New York alone is threatened with destruction. Again, a pound of paper manufactured into a book is, if imported, taxed 5½ cents; if made here, 7½ cents, which, with other differences in cost makes it possible to sell the book made in England at 26½ cents, while the book made at home costs 59½ cents. One curious result of this state of things is that Webster's Spelling Book is now being printed in large quantities in London for the use of American schools. Nor is there anything too minute or too mean for the present system. Under the tax on wearing apparel, sums of a dollar and a dollar and a half are actually collected from poor milliners and tailors. No wonder the Commission sums up its defects by declaring that "such a system as this violates all the fundamental principles of taxation, inasmuch as the taxes are neither definite in amount, equal in application, nor convenient of collection. While this system prevails," they add, "it seems useless to talk of reducing prices to anything like their former level by reduction or contraction of currency."

Now for the remedy. Against any increase in the tariff the Commission pronounces positively for several reasons, of which one is all we need mention, and that is, that the country would not stand it. The report recommends, therefore, that the principle be adopted of leaving the home industry as free as possible, and raising revenue solely by imposing duties and taxes on the raw material, luxuries, and a few other articles which present unusual facilities for collection. The estimates would then stand as follows:

From Customs.....	\$180,000,000
From Excise, viz.:	
Distilled Spirits.....	\$40,000,000
Fermented Liquors.....	5,000,000
Tobacco and its Manufactures.....	18,000,000
Cotton (raw).....	40,000,000
Coal-oil, Refined Petroleum, etc.....	3,000,000
Spirits of Turpentine and Rosin.....	2,000,000—108,000,000
Licenses.....	15,000,000
Incomes.....	40,000,000
Salaries.....	2,000,000
Banks.....	15,000,000
Stamps.....	20,000,000
Gross Receipts.....	9,000,000
Sales.....	4,000,000
Legacies and Successions.....	3,000,000—108,000,000
Miscellaneous Receipts, 1866-7.....	21,000,000
Aggregate.....	\$367,000,000

The estimates of the expenditure for the year ending June, 1867, made by the Secretary of the Treasury, including the interest on the public debt, amount to \$284,000,000, so that, supposing the estimate of the receipts made by the Commission to be correct (and it is probably much under the mark), there would then remain a surplus of \$83,000,000 available for the reduction of the debt.

The duties of which the Commission recommend the total abolition are those on wagons, watches, pianos, plate, yachts, etc.; on repairs of engines, carriages, cars, and ships; on wearing apparel, on pig iron, on coal, and on printed books, magazines, and similar printed publications. One can see at a glance what infinite annoyance and vexation would have been attendant on the collection of taxes of this kind if they ever had been faithfully collected; but they never were. Their total yield to the revenue was only \$15,000,000, and probably three times this sum was really due. The other reduction which the Commission recommends is one of fifty per cent. on all goods named in section 94 of the amended act of March 3, 1865—such as tobacco, cigars, gas

naphtha, sugar, gunpowder, bill-heads, photographs, hulls of vessels, sails, railroad chairs, boilers, gates, quicksilver, copper, patent leather, wines and liquors, cloth, diamonds, snuff, cider, vinegar, and hoop skirts. In the income tax they recommend that five per cent. be charged on all incomes, all under \$1,000 be exempt, and that no allowance be made for house rents.

The Commission is opposed to the application for the present of any portion of the revenue to the reduction of the principal of the national debt, owing to the tremendous strain which the various liabilities, local as well as national, arising out of the war are imposing on the country. The nation must have a little breathing space, and trade and business have time to recover their natural course before we can attempt to do more than pay interest and expenses.

The Commission approach the Reciprocity Treaty in a temper which it is impossible to commend too highly, and which is well worthy of the attention of those orators and journalists who are disposed to use trade regulations as a means of punishing foreign nations for misconduct. In the commercial relations of nations there is no room for the gratification of feelings of like or dislike. The Commissioners, therefore, treat the past shortcomings of the Canadians as matters which have no bearing whatever, and ought not to have any, on the negotiations now pending for a renewal of the treaty, and they recommend that if any arrangement can be made by which the taxation in both countries can be equalized, and the trade thus preserved, and smuggling prevented, it ought to be entered into. In fact, freedom of trade with Canada is a virtual annexation of that province to the Union.

Upon that most important portion of the report which calls attention to the necessity for radical reform in the administrative department of the Government, we must postpone comment till next week. We may add that the able letter on the iron duties, which we publish elsewhere, was in type before the report of the Commission appeared. It will be seen that it takes the same view with regard to internal taxation on this branch of industry which the Commission take with regard to internal taxation on all.

THE CADUOCITY OF PREJUDICE.

THE genesis of prejudice is not far to seek. We mean prejudice against classes and races of men. It springs from the consciousness of injury inflicted upon them, which necessitates the discovery of a natural or divine occasion for its existence. Tacitus tells us that it is human nature to hate those we have injured: "Proprium humani ingenii est, odisse quem læseris," and Pope has put the same idea into verse:

"Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,
He never pardons that hath done the wrong."

It is not an amiable trait of human nature, but its existence cannot be denied. And it is always taken for granted that this is according to the nature of things, and that no one is to blame for it unless it be the common Father of all men. And it is assumed also that, as the prejudice is natural, it must be permanent. Happily the study of the natural history of prejudice shows that it is not immortal, that many such have given up the ghost, and are remembered only as curiosities of past experience. This circumstance gives us ground to hope that those in whose shadow we yet stand may likewise perish from off the earth.

Slavery being the greatest injury that one human being can inflict upon another, the hatred and contempt which it has generated have been proportionately deep and bitter. The most opprobrious terms of contempt and reproach in the ancient and modern tongues have some etymological connection with the condition of slavery. Villain, knave, varlet, were all originally mere names of description relating to certain classes of slaves, and so of many other terms of reproach in all languages. The trail of the serpent slavery is still over much of our daily lives, even where it has had no substantive existence for generations or for centuries. The bad odor which slavery left behind it still hangs around our households in the taint it has left on honest domestic or menial service—all words originating in slavery. Still the prejudice which formerly existed against the servile or menial races in countries where slavery has been long abolished has disappeared, and many a conservative citizen and Democratic politician would be surprised to

learn that he is descended from an ancient line of slaves. Yet it is even so. The great house of Smith, the scarcely less celebrated lines of Bakers, Millers, Carpenters, and all which derive their names from trades; the Browns, and Whites, and Blacks, and all bearing the names of colors; the Johnsons, and Jacksons, and Dicksons, and the whole progeny of "sons," and a multitude beside, are all descended from chattels who had no name but such as accidents like those imparted to distinguish them from the herd of slaves. It is even affirmed that the premier peer and duke of England, in whose veins flows "all the blood of all the Howards," owes his illustrious name to the very humble occupation of his remote ancestor, by the omission of a single letter from the word "*hoguard*." So that none of us need feel sore as to the condition of our Saxon ancestry, in view of the probability that at the time of the Conquest (only eight hundred years ago, the 14th of next October) the progenitor of the Duke of Norfolk may have been keeping swine along with Gurth in the forests of Hampshire, with a brass collar soldered round his neck. The prejudices arising from servile origin continued to exist long in England, but have died out in that form at least, strong as those of caste and class distinctions, to which they have given way, may still be.

The Jews also furnish an example of the effect of time and civilization in tempering the power of deep-seated prejudice. They were not only despised and evil-treated like our negroes, but they were the objects of a superstitious dread and hatred intense as it was obstinate. Considering the oppressions and massacres to which they were subjected for so many centuries, it is only strange that the whole race was not exterminated. And the fact of their having continued even to this day, and of the vast influence they now exercise in the world of finance and politics and literature and art, may give us hope that the prejudices and persecutions under which the most unfortunate class of our countrymen now suffer will fail to exterminate them, which some fear, or even to prevent their achieving prosperity and distinction in course of time, which few hope. It is a little odd that during the Middle Ages an offensive odor was attributed to the Jews, such as used to be one of the reasons for making slaves of the negroes. Sir Thomas Browne gravely pronounces this opinion "a fraudulent illation," and denies that "an unsavoury odor is gentilitious or national to the Jews." We will not affirm that all prejudice against the children of Israel is yet extinct, although they have made their way to the high places of the world. Even Walter Scott did not dare to marry Ivanhoe to Rebecca, but made him take up with the limp and washed-out Rowena instead. And Miss Edgeworth, in her novel of "*Harrington*," written expressly to combat this prejudice (at the suggestion, by the way, of a Jewish lady of Philadelphia), destroys the whole moral force of the story by making out the Jewish heroine to have been bred up a Christian from her birth before she ventured to marry her to the hero. Still, since their time, we believe there have been more than one instance of marriages between Christians of high rank in England and daughters of Israel, and that they are not more frequent we apprehend to be owing to scruples on the side of the Jews rather than of the Christians. But the fact that the abhorred race has won for itself political equality and social position is a proof of the mitigation which time works in widespread and deeply-rooted prejudice, and an encouragement to hope that other forms of this cruel mischief may be likewise mortal.

It is not much more than a century ago when England was agitated almost to sedition, and London to mob violence, by a bill passed by Parliament allowing the Jews to be naturalized. The excitement was so great that the Pelham Ministry had to yield and consent to making the condition of the Jews rather worse than it was before. The corporation and citizens of London were especially concerned for the integrity of the Christian religion and most active in urging the repeal of the Jew Bill. What would the orthodox Lord Mayor of that day have said could he have foreseen that his present successor would be an "Ebrew Jew?" For we need not go back to Mayor Fitz Richard, who gave the Jews up to the London mob to be plundered and slain six hundred years ago, for an instance of the activity of this particular prejudice of race. Alderman Phillips is by no means the first of the sons of Jacob that has occupied the civic throne. Alderman Salomans, who did not show the wisdom his name should imply in subscribing to the Confederate Loan, was lord mayor about ten years

ago, and we think there have been one or two other Jewish mayors. These functionaries are brought into curious concatenations occasionally in consequence of the necessity of their paying their respects officially to the Established Church. In the due exercise of civic hospitality, the Lord Mayor entertains the Archbishop of Canterbury and his suffragans at dinner, and sometimes joins eminent Dissenting ministers in the same company. The idea of a Jew proposing the health of the primate of England and the bench of bishops, whose predecessors had so bitterly persecuted his ancestors, is only less incongruous than that of the primate gratefully returning thanks for the compliment. Imagine Hubert or Lanfranc or Thomas à Becket sitting at meat and bandying compliments with Isaac of York! And yet, so gradual and imperceptible has been this change in men's opinions that its extraordinary character is scarcely noticed. It were no more strange, in fact, to see a negro governor ruling over South Carolina and Georgia and hobnobbing with Governor Aiken or Vice-President Stephens. And this very city of London it was, a century ago so fanatically anti-Judaic, that compelled Parliament to open its doors to Jews on equal terms with Christians, preferring to have one of its seats left vacant for years as a testimony against bigotry, until its chosen Hebrew champion, the Baron Lionel de Rothschild, could march triumphantly in and take possession of it. We live many more years in a given space of time than our ancestors did, and even something like these miracles may yet be seen amongst us. But it can only be wrought, as the Jewish marvel has come to pass, through the prudence, energy, and ability of the persecuted race. Fair play and a fair field are all that the black man asks for himself or his friends ask for him. The rest must depend on himself.

WORK AND PLAY.

If we should criticize the plea for repose presented on another page by a correspondent, we should say that, in combating those who seem to regard work as an end rather than a means, he is guilty of a similar error in regard to recreation. The human soul, to our thinking, is content to rest in neither. The real end is that "progress" which, as our correspondent remarks, cannot be "without much work;" and, as incessant work is no more possible than perpetual motion, we may add, without frequent opportunities for recuperation. The prince of the powers of the air, who, according to Goethe, is under an *ex-officio* obligation to keep busy—to maintain, in "T. D.'s" phrase, a "wicked industry"—partakes only of a universal constraint. The stamp of perfectibility which the Creator affixed to man is the great warrant and commission of unrest, not only in this life but, as far as we can see, in that also which is to come. It is not, therefore, a question how to shirk the labor which is the price of our advancement, but how to supplement it with repose in such a way as to make it most remunerative and pleasurable.

Rest may be broadly defined as a change in the direction of one's energies, and hence, comprehending active and even violent exertion. Its conditions vary with the occupation and temperament of individuals, and no man in regard to it can be law unto another. De Tocqueville attributed to our democratic institutions the slight which Americans put upon the "simple, turbulent, or coarse diversions in which the people in aristocratic communities indulge." We prefer, he said, "those more serious and silent amusements which are like business," and which do not drive business wholly out of our minds. Perhaps this characteristic is traceable in some measure to the Puritan influence, which still imparts to us that air of seriousness which foreigners proverbially remark; perhaps to Poor Richard's apothegm that "time is money." However derived, the notion that amusement pure and simple is a waste is gradually losing ground, and we are glad to interpret the eight-hour movement in this sense, and, so far, ready to second it most heartily. We could join in any proper appeal to employers to lessen, if possible, the hours of toil, either from humane or economical considerations, or from both—for we are far from pretending that the *juste milieu* is fixed, the same to-day that it was yesterday, the same to-morrow that it is to-day.

Our correspondent has vindicated the right of professional men to repose, and to amusements commonly regarded as unprofitable. He

might have extended his argument to the laboring classes, whose case presents equal if not greater hardships. Dogs, guns, horses for pleasure theatre, and opera, are hardly for them; boat and ball-clubs only to a very limited extent. Leisure is the first requisite, and, after this, cheap and accessible enjoyments which shall also be innocent. Spare time in the shape of holidays seems to be least valuable to a people. Where these are most numerous, as in the Old World, they have been reckoned among the causes of national decay. It is certain that they interfere seriously with the regularity of business, which, in this utilitarian age, is a consideration not to be despised. They are apt to entail quite as much fatigue as they have afforded rest, and to be attended with a good deal of physical and mental dissipation. Much better is the hour or two granted daily from the workshop, or the Wednesday and Saturday afternoons of blessed school-boy memory. If the first consequence of such leisure should be a freer out-of-door life, it would be a decided moral, because a sanitary, gain for the people. The delights of the country, or, in large cities, of the public parks, would compete with the temptations of the bar-room. The short excursion, the idle stroll, the sports of field and river, would powerfully attract the multitude, and strengthen their better natures. Good music, in the open air and under cover, might be mustered into the same honorable service by a little wise municipal liberality. To concerts add gymnasia; to these your free libraries and reading-rooms; to these also free lectures. The lyceum system already extends everywhere, but it affects the small towns and cities far more than the great ones. It has social advantages of which books cannot boast, and we can imagine a tolerably attentive and appreciative audience listening to an *exposé* of "Mill on Hamilton," every one of whom might individually be too tired to keep awake over the works of either philosopher. If to the foregoing recreations we add public galleries of paintings and statuary, we shall by no means have exhausted the list. Enough that we have indicated some of the sources from which the people might obtain "repose," provided they had leisure, and provided, particularly, that they considered amusement in the light of a duty rather than of a sin.

CANOPUS.

ABOVE the palms, the peaks of pearly grey
That hang, like dreams, along the slumbering skies,
An urn of fire that never burns away,
I see Canopus rise.

An urn of light, a golden-hearted torch,
Voluptuous, drowsy-throbbing 'mid the stars,
As, incense-fed, from Aphrodite's porch
Lifted, to beacon Mars.

Was it from songs and stories of the Past,
With names and scenes that make our planet fair,—
From Babylonian splendors, vague and vast,
And flushed Arabian air:

Or fresh from richer longings of the brain
And spices of the blood, this hot desire
To lie beneath that mellow lamp again
And drink its languid fire?

From tales of nights when watching David saw
Its topaz glimmer on Bathsheba's head;
Or Charmian stole, the golden gauze to draw
Round Cleopatra's bed?

Or when white-breasted Paris touched the lone
Lacanian isle, where stayed his flying oars,
And Helen breathed the scent of violets, blown
Along the bosky shores?

Or Kalidasa's maiden, wandering through
The moonlit jungles of the Indian lands,
While shamed mimosas from her form withdrew
Their thin and trembling hands?

From each and all, the Spirit of the Star
Gathers his fragrant robes, his melting beams,
And binds ideal yearnings, pure and far,
To sense-begotten dreams.

For Fancy takes from Passion power to build
 A brighter fane than bloodless Thought can rear,
 And loves to see its painted chambers gild
 A tropic atmosphere.

And, past those halls which for itself the mind
 Builds, permanent as marble, and as cold,
 In warm surprises of the blood we find
 The sumptuous dream unfold!

There shines the leaf and bursts the blossom-sheath
 On hills deep-mantled in eternal June,
 Or swell in whispering silver, underneath
 The rainbow-cinctured moon.

About the pillars of the palm-tree bower
 The orchids cling, in rose and scarlet spheres;
 Shield-broad the lily floats; the aloe-flower
 Foredates his hundred years.

The summits of tumultuous verdure crown
 Areca shafts, the fern's colossal frond;
 The climbers fling their braided blossoms down
 To richer dells beyond.

Along the lines of coral, white and warm,
 Breaks the white surf; hushed is the glassy air,
 And only mellow murmurs tell that storm
 Is raging elsewhere.

The mansion gleams with dome and arch Moresque—
 Ah, bliss to lie beside the jasper urn
 Of founts, and through the open arabesque
 To watch Canopus burn!

Or, in aerial couch, by breezes kissed
 That drip with spices of the inland glade,
 To see the land through hot vermilion mist,
 And feel the dewy shade:

To sit at feasts, and fluid odors drain
 Of daintiest nectar that from grape is caught,
 While faint narcotics cheat the idle brain
 With phantom shapes of thought;

Or, listening to the sweet, alluring voice
 That finds the blossomed blood the thing divine,
 To weigh delight unchallenged, making choice
 Of other joy than wine!

Permit the dream: our natures twofold are.
 Sense hath its own ideals, which prepare
 A rosy background for the whitest star,
 And make it doubly fair.

Not crystal runs, dissolved from mountain snow,
 The poet's blood; but amber, musk, impart
 Their scents, and gems their orb'd or shivered glow,
 To flood his tropic heart.

While Form and Color undivorced remain
 In every planet gilded by the sun,
 His Art shall forge the radiant marriage-chain
 That makes them purely One!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

ON PAPERING ROOM WALLS.

WHEN a lady with a house of her own—or, in one of the rare cases in which a gentleman is interested in such matters, when a couple with a house of their own—would finish and furnish a room of it, many questions may arise as to the best way of doing so. If the lady interested (to take the more usual case) is content to follow the newest fashion, she consults the upholsterer, carpet dealer, and furniture dealer, who are essentially, and cannot well help being, preachers of new fashions. In that case no question arises. The tradesmen consulted fulfil their destinies, send chapters of the newest fashion to their customer's house, and follow them up with bills. There are no embarrassing doubts in anybody's mind. The newest mode being known, nobody asks if there could be a better mode.

Certainly this is very simple and easy, however open to the charge of undue costliness. Readers who find it also satisfactory and sufficient, had

better not proceed with us in our examination, for we shall probably find no way so simple and easy. People who are not troubled by longings for the abstractly fit and beautiful had better not seek with us for those *ignes* commonly supposed to be *fatui*. The matter is not all in one way. It is not even all in two ways—one ours, and the other an opponent's. Partizanship is not possible, for there are no lines to draw. Criticism is not possible, for the very most serious difficulty is that there is nothing as yet to criticize. Strict definition is seldom possible. Nobody is going to agree with anybody else, except accidentally and by way of exception. There are, indeed, principles underlying this matter of decoration, but they had been long forgotten, when a very recent time witnessed a sort of attempt to rediscover them. And of the existence of these principles our people, taught by the upholsterers, have remained so unsuspicious that those who are properly conservative can hardly be expected to sympathize with any attempt to state and apply them.

Such an attempt can hardly be made in a formal and consecutive way. To look at the question from one point of view and then from another, to approach it as closely as possible from each side in succession—in this way only can a satisfactory answer be sought. And, to begin at a point of view from which the question looks simple: Suppose the room small and the money not abundant. Suppose a plain room, thirteen feet wide and eighteen feet long and ten feet high, with chimney-breast projecting eight inches not quite in the middle of one side, with two windows at one end, not symmetrically placed; with two doors in the other end, and two more doors in the side opposite the chimney; with common planked floor; with smooth white plastered walls and ceiling, and without the plaster cornice which more showily meant rooms have. This description is not a portrait of one room, but is a portrait of ten thousand in this city of New York. In considering how to decorate it, it is necessary to notice the mistake involved in the common notion that the carpet ought to be the principal feature with which other things must agree, for instance in color. The mistake is radical; no part of the room decoration ought to be the model, but all parts are to agree with the image of the whole room in the planner's mind. But, even if anything is to go first, if the imagination is not active enough, or if one thing from any reason must first be decided on, that one thing should be the wall decoration and not the carpet. Mr. Edgar Poe thought otherwise, as set forth in his essay on the "Philosophy of Furniture;" but then it appears from that essay that the author had no notion of what was possible or suitable by way of decoration on either walls or floor. Mrs. Stowe thinks the wall-paper should go first, as she says in one of the "House and Home Papers," and is at least as good an authority as Mr. Poe. But, indeed, the principle of the thing ought to be evident to us without the intervention of authority. The carpet is precisely that part of the room which ought to attract the least attention. We must not leave our wall decoration now to consider the floor, but it would be easy, if we should discuss carpets at any time, to show the reasons for their necessary subjection. For the present the walls are declared the principal thing, as, indeed, they actually are, when one enters a properly lighted room and looks about him.

How, then, shall we decorate our walls—white-plastered walls, ten feet high, without cornice? Wall-paper, every reader will say, is the cheapest and most available "finish." True; but the seeker for wall-paper, if he would have a pretty pattern and color, may seek long and yet fail to find. Our resources are limited, be it remembered, for decorating the room we have chosen. The outside limit of cost for paper for such a room ought to be, at the present high prices, two dollars a roll, "put up." Now, fashion so affects the demand and the supply in all such matters, that there is no certainty of finding to-day the pretty pattern that every dealer had last spring; no impossibility of finding to-day something pretty that was nowhere to be found last spring. You may look through a large stock of patterns and find nothing to answer your purpose—whatever that may be, as long as you are particular and "set" about it—you may return in a month and find a new "line" just come in, twenty patterns of papers all within your limit of price, and any one of which will serve you well. These things being so, it is very hard to be uniformly successful in fitting up rooms. One has need to be very obstinate about it, and fully prepared to let his walls wait, unfinished, six months, if necessary, rather than cover them with paper of colors and design other than his choice.

But what ought to be his choice? The variety of patterns among which we can choose at the low price fixed is not large; that is, there are plenty of different designs, but they do not differ widely. Thus, there are no panelled or pictorial or other so-called ornamental papers among them. But there is this difference, that many of the designs consist of or include flowers and fruit in relief, imitation of carved work with cast shadows, even imitation of stone and marble work (though these the dealer would not recom-

mend for a chamber, such not being the fashion), while others will be flat patterns without meaning, or else perfectly formal designs of conventionalized leafage. In most kinds of interior decoration by means of color, that is, of decoration usually so called, works of high artistic merit being excluded, it is a Medo-Persic law that there shall be no deceptive appearance of relief or projection. This applies strictly to our paper-hangings, and with this additional force, that the same paper must go on both sides of the room and the shadows on one side will fall toward the windows.

But there is another law limiting ornament, that it should never try to represent anything that it cannot represent perfectly. Observe the bouquet of flowers or the bunch of grapes on some wall paper; are they pretty? Do flowers or grapes look thus when you see them growing? Are there any of their peculiar beauties or characteristics represented in the pattern before you? So far as we know, there is never any sufficient representation of natural objects on paper commonly for sale in the stores. They pretend to give projection and gradation of color and shade, which from the nature of the case they cannot give. They seldom attempt properly formal suggestion of natural form, which they can fully give. It is a perfectly safe rule, and one which the judicious buyer of cheap papers will never be tempted to neglect: avoid all attempted representation of natural objects; limit your choice to wholly meaningless patterns of flat colors, with or without gold. In the spring of 1865 there were a large variety of such patterns to be bought on good American paper—red, and blue, and grey ground, with a small pattern of black running all over them, and gold stars or gold crosses, or else with gold patterns running over them and the stars and crosses black. This winter they are not to be found, but we have seen one with a good buff ground with quatrefoils of gold filled with green, cheaper than the others. In Boston, last autumn, there was for sale a very good paper—pale French grey was the only color of ground on hand—which was printed with lozenge-shaped outlines of gold, close together, but not touching. One near approach to natural form is allowable, the flower-de-luce, or its fellow, the giglio. Beautiful dark red giglios on light red ground we found once, the flowers almost exactly copied from that sempiternal silver blossom on the reverse of the Florentine "florino," pretty coin, driven out now by interloping "franchi."

But the "border." Of course, as there is no cornice in the room, there must be a border. Sydney Smith felt this need so strongly that, when he could not afford a plaster cornice, he put a border at top of his wall and another on the ceiling near the wall, and deceived himself into thinking it looked like a cornice. Now this desire for a cornice is natural, for there should be something to fill the angle. Soften off your right angles into something else, is a good rule for young designers, of general but not of universal application only because design requires occasional exceptions to every rule, and unmodified right angles now and then. The meeting of two lines or surfaces at a right angle is the most unpleasant meeting they could have. Soften off, then, your angle between ceiling and walls. But the usual plaster cornice, eight inches or more high, a foot or more wide on the ceiling, is too large, and is commonly ugly and ought to be painted. It will be better if, rejoicing that our room is without a cornice, we put up a strip of wood about two inches wide and high. Of what section ought it to be? Perhaps an ogree; most people know what that is; at all events we cannot give diagrams, and description of such a thing is hard to make clear in words. Choose, then, that form of those offered you which will best soften the angle. If there is gold in the paper, have the strip of gold; you may get it at the paper-hangers' shops. If there is no gold, perhaps it will be best to get the moulding from the carpenter and have it painted one of the colors in the paper. This is because of another primary law of decoration, the law of echo or repetition. A prominent color occurring once ought to recur in a somewhat different way again. Should you use a gold strip with a paper which has no gold in it, repeat it by another gold strip six inches lower down on the wall.

In preparing to decorate a room more expensively, the choice of paper will be somewhat more easy. That is to say, the buyer who is determined to have what he wants and nothing else, will not have to wait so long or go so far to find it. Flat patterns are numerous and prettily designed, although they are too seldom of one color or two colors on a full colored ground, and too exclusively in gold on a pale tint or on white. These are pretty, but they are akin to a fancy which is too general and too implicitly obeyed, that drawing-rooms ought to be finished in white and gold, or some very pale tint and gold. We have seen a very beautiful pattern of leaves a little too much shaded by means of gold lines, which give them a slight projection, but redeemed by the lively color, pure blue, lighter than ultramarine, just kept by the gold from being too uniform a tint. This was simple, though covered with gilding: but there were two which were rich, though without gilding—specimens of paper made for the Parliament Palace of Westmin-

ster, from designs by Pugin. One of them had blue squares set vertically with VR in them, and yellow squares set diagonally, with heraldic red lions in them, and hence not fit for domestic use. But the other, though crowns and fleurs-de-luce appeared in it, was not unfit for any citizen's parlor, and was very splendid, though in three colors only—scarlet, bright green, and buff.

There is a very general timidity about the use of color, shown especially in this matter of decorating and furnishing rooms. People love color; love it, even, on other people's walls if they chance to see it there, but hesitate to apply it to their own. A room is occasionally to be seen which glows with rich though subdued color, the effect of the mingled tints of the walls changing with the direction and force of the light. Pictures look well against brighter colors than they are generally trusted to; and the engravings and photographs which people hang up in rooms not their best are so chilling to the whole air of the room that they should always have some red or yellow glow behind them. It is pleasant to look through a doorway into a room which is a picture in itself, so bright and harmonious the mingled hues of its walls and ceiling. The affectation of white or nearly white chilliness for drawing-rooms sometimes culminates in white watered paper, like watered silk or *moiré antique*. Sometimes, also, we have a white figure on a white ground, one being lustrous and the other dead; or, in a better case, we find a bluish-white figure on a yellowish-white ground (to use the popular expression), or the reverse. None of these are ugly, none unendurable; but why should we be denied color in the most expensively and carefully fitted rooms in the house when it is allowed elsewhere? There is a boudoir in Germany, in Frankfort-on-the-Main, entirely lined with chintz, printed with a simple pattern of three daisies in a cluster, flat, no shadows, on a pale purple ground. It is a pattern which might well be reproduced in paper, and is not too dark for the gayest looking parlor. Or, if daisies are too humble, and the whole cast of color too unpronounced and uncertain (pale purple, light green, and dull gold), while the Pugin patterns, on the other hand, are too bright and forcible, take a pattern which seems open to neither objection. This is a very formal sprig of leaves running into another, and this into another, and so on for ever; light-blue on a ground of yellow and orange in fine twisted vermiculations. This was copied from a Venetian brocade of the sixteenth century, and is very effective, though only one of a hundred equally good ones of the same character which could be copied from similar sources if the power of design fails us.

Of flock papers or velvet papers there is little need to speak, because they are generally used where there is especial need for them, as to set off pictures, for which they are well suited; also because they are usually either of a plain color, or else bearing a simple gold figure often repeated. They are very expensive, generally very dark, and therefore unfit for city houses and said to be unhealthy. They will, however, keep their popularity and their place until superseded by some true system of vigorous and meaning decoration.

The imitative papers, imitative of panels, of stone blocks, of Gothic tracery, etc., are but a humble imitation of imitative painting, and as such of no separate importance. The ingenuity with which some of these ignominious shams are contrived is, however, wonderful. In panelling a room in imitation of oak there is a roll of paper of straight grained wood, one of knots and beautifully twisted grain, one showing the "silver grain," one darker than the others, and one of wooden moulding. These are put together very skilfully, and the result is certainly surprisingly effective, and therefore not "beneath contempt," but utterly contemptible.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XXVIII.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., January 24, 1866.

It was four o'clock of a very dark morning when an omnibus came for me at my boarding-house in Columbus, and it was two hours later, after a slow circuitous drive about the city from one house to another, the driver and his companions kicking and shouting and thumping at many doors, that a load of passengers was picked up and carried across the Chattahoochee into Alabama to the Montgomery train. The rain was falling when we reached the station, there was no depot or ticket office, nobody had eaten breakfast or was wholly awake, and General Wilson became the subject of very acrimonious remarks. A great destruction of railroad bridges and buildings at Columbus was caused by his raid. We waited awhile, and when the fires beside the track and the car lanterns began to burn pale as the day was breaking, we got under way towards Opelika. Meantime I

paid attention to the voice of a lady sitting some four or five seats behind me, whom I could not see in the doubtful light, but who apparently had found an old acquaintance among her fellow-travellers, and was giving him an account of her life for the last few years.

It seemed like it was a century since she had seen him, she said, so many changes had taken place. It was befo' the war long enough. And what trials and distress had come upon their country since their last meeting! She was one of those who had shared in the downfall of their cause, for she was now, she reckoned, just as poor a woman as he ever did see. She had very little left but her health and strength, and she did n't feel any older than when he knew her before, but property—law! No, he had not been misinformed; she had married again, married a Mr. W. She lived with him eight years seven months and nineteen days. His death took place in 1864, and was a great loss to her, for he always acted the perfect gentleman, in every sense of the word. "He loved our country," she said, "and was as good a rebel as any man could be." His health never permitted of his going with the army, but the Confederates had his prayers, and he never was the man to speculate or make one dollar out of the war. That was n't his religion, and he was a true Christian if any man could be such. The curse of God, he always used to say,—the curse of God would follow money that was made at the expense of the country. All he raised he let the Government have at the regular prices. Oh, it would certainly have broken his heart if he had lived to see what she had seen, he had such faith in the cause. Indeed that was true, that there was too few like him. He treated her like a perfect gentleman. He gave her a deed of gift of thirty-five nigrals, and told her them was to be hers and she should have land to put them on. She told him she wished no more than a child's share, but he said he would fix it this way; he would give her \$38,000, and she should buy the homestead place. She always wanted the homestead place, so she consented, and it was arranged that way. After his death the South was defeated, the nigrals was free of cou'se, and the \$38,000 was worth nothing at all. Then the administrators fixed up a sale, and pretended to knock down the land to the highest bidder, but in reality they had an understanding with the company that bought it in, and it was sold for \$3 an acre! One of the best tracts in the whole State. She said all she could, but that did n't matter to them, and she and the children were cheated out of their property. All her little fortune was already gone, for she had been compelled to make two or three journeys to see the administrators, and each time she had to live at a hotel for a fortnight, till they could be got together to do business, and travelling was so disgracefully expensive, and board four dollars a day—at them licks a person must be made of money to stand it.

At about this stage of the conversation her friend begged leave to drink from a small flask which he had with him. Her consent was readily given, although, she said, she was in general very much opposed to drinking. She had always been used to seeing a great deal of it round at her own pa's house, and her first husband's, as well as at Mr. W.'s. It was very seldom indeed, however, that Mr. W. ever took anything, except when he was fatigued or unwell, or perhaps before going to church of a very cold day, particularly if he was n't feeling just right. Then he would allow himself. She hardly knew when she herself had tasted anything of the kind. The smell was extremely disagreeable to her. She could remember as well as if it was yesterday the time when she was intoxicated. They had visitors at home, and she was sent to the store-room to fill a decanter with peach brandy. As soon as the spirits began to run from the barrel she inhaled the smell, and it got up into her head directly. She became so giddy! She fell down, and when she got up she fell down again, and could n't walk straight at all. They thought she was in a faint, but her pa said no; she had inhaled the smell of the brandy, and it had been too much for her, and she was really intoxicated by inhaling it. He made her drink half a glassful.

By-and-bye she admitted that perhaps it might be well enough, when one was travelling, and had had no breakfast, to take a very little spirits as a stimulant; and soon afterwards the gentleman procured a tin mug, and we heard the lady say: "Would my friends believe it now if any one was to tell them that they saw Mrs. W. taking a dram of whiskey in a public kyar?"

At half-past nine we had ridden twenty-eight miles, and arrived at Opelika, which the inhabitants call Oppalacca. It is a wretched little village, which owes its consequence, and I should think its existence, to the crossing of the railroads there, and by its appearance recalls forcibly the typical South-western American city which is to be found in the books of English tourists. I saw it first in a cold drenching rain. There was a big pine hotel among the thirty or forty other buildings, a newspaper office, and half

a dozen scattered bar-rooms, with mud between them and the wilderness close around. The bad breakfast, hastily devoured, was there too; the rough, lazy-looking men; and the long detention round the fire in the hotel, for the train going West was not due till three o'clock in the afternoon. Soon we learned that an accident had occurred near Montgomery, and that there was little chance of our reaching that city until the next day. A discussion of this probability kept us in intermittent conversation for almost an hour, and provoked much dissatisfaction. It was generally conceded that if a man'd got to lie over, he could n't find a meaner place to lie over at than this yer Oppalacca.

"This lyin' over," one man said with a laugh, "by gosh, gentlemen, we can't affo'd it now. Old Jeff paid yo' way befo', but now you must pull out yo' own greenbacks. Mighty hard on us po' Confeds."

"You're right there," another said. "This is the first time I've been able to leave Atlanta since we went up, and I could n't do it now but there's somebody pays my expenses." Saying this he slapped his next neighbor on the knee, and asked him: "Did I ever tell you, Mr. L., what old W. says about us? I was in company with him in the hotel, and I was a-takin' on powerful about the sorry fix we was in. 'W.,' says I, 'we're nothin' but old, whipped-out rebels,' says I. 'Oh, but a'n't we down?' says I. 'We done lost our niggers; we done lost our money; and the Yanks has whipped us pretty nigh to death,' says I. 'I'll be squeezed to death,' says I, 'if I'd ever fight again for any flag that ever was no more than I'd fight for an old dish-rag. I'm subjugated,' says I. You know old W., what a train of eloquence he can git on to when you git him stirred up. He got up, and says he: 'T., you lie! I know you, and you can't tell that tale to me. Do you mean to say,' says he, 'that if France and England, or some o' them foreign powers, was to declare war agin the United States, and was to offer us our liberty and all our rights and our independence; was to land a million o' men right yer, and call on us to come out and help 'em lick the Yankees, do you mean to say that you would n't fight?' Well, he pictured it all out so fine, and the old fellow looked so earnest, you know how he can talk, and he spread himself out till he looked as big as a skinned hoss, that it worked on me, and I jumped right out of my chair I was sittin' in. I don't never swear hardly, but I did that time. I just flung my hands up like this: 'Fight!' says I, 'may I may be d—d if I would n't fight while I had one drap o' blood left in my veins. I'd fight till the last Yankee was the other side the Potomac.' I let out, and the thing of it was there was a Yankee there all the time. I did n't know it, you know, but there was a captain. He jumped up when I got done, and says he: 'My God! what sentiments,' and walked right out. I was caught. And it was the first time I'd said anything wrong since the smash. But that warn't all. When the Yankee went out, W. says: 'Come up to my room, I've got something pretty funny up there.' We went up supposin' he had some whiskey, and when we got into the room W. never looked round, he did n't know he'd got anybody else there, and says he: 'Did n't I give that blue-bellied Yankee hell?' and squeeze me to death if there warn't another Yankee in bed right in the room! We had it on old W. The Yankee seemed to be a good kind of a fellow too: I met him afterwards, and he seemed a right clever fellow."

When the laughter which followed this story had ceased, a gentleman remarked: "The Yankees would be great fools to go into a foreign war, that's certain."

"Why, sir," said another, "you do n't think they have any fears of us? They know that we're whipped. They despise us more than we ever despised them. They consider us the most ignorant, low-down people on the face of this earth. They allow that a nigger is on 'the same equality with the most of us, and some of 'em will just about tell you so to your face."

"Yes, I have seen some that appeared to think so, but I think they very soon give up that idea. In my part of the country I believe they have less use for a nigger than we have."

This assertion called forth from different members of the company many corroborative stories, which were mostly related of negroes who had been beaten for impudence or knocked down by drunken soldiers merely on account of their color. One man even professed to know of six negroes that had been shot by soldiers during Christmas week.

"Well," said an old gentleman, "I am like you, sir; I feel that we have no flag and no country. How can we love the United States? We all know it to be an impossibility. When they ask me to be loyal, I ask, 'What for?' We live in troubled times, gentlemen, and I never expect to see peace again. It seems, sir, as if our times were the latter days which we are taught to expect, when there shall be wars and rumors of wars. I believe that we shall see the Jewish people led up to Jerusalem and gathered in from all the corners of the earth, according to the promise, and all

the other promises made to the chosen people will be fulfilled. But there will be no more peace for the rest of the nations. That's the way it looks to me. I may be mistaken."

No one seemed prepared for this view of affairs, and a reply was not attempted. When the old man rose soon afterwards and went out, it was remarked that "he felt the thing powerful: broke him up, like."

Cotton-planting was of course discussed—two of the men around the fire asserting that without slavery there can be no cotton: on a well-regulated plantation, in old times, of course the niggers was made to work a heap harder than any man ought to work; well, a heap closer, anyhow; as for workin' harder, a nigger won't be drove to work more 'n so much, like a mule in that respect. Now a free nigger a'n't goin' to work from before daylight, from the time he can see a cotton-stalk, till nine o'clock at night, and a white man can't stand it, and of course it stands to reason that cotton-raisin's gone up.

Four or five other men maintained the other side of the question: Take a plantation where the hands get out just before sun-up and work till sundown, and you make a better crop than another plantation where you kill up your niggers with long hours and cuttin' and lashin'. Do with the freedmen as you did with 'em when we had slavery, and they'll work just the same; you always had to have somebody with 'em before all the time they was in the field.

Yes, it was answered, no doubt a man could make a livin' that way; and the niggers used to be better off, so far as that went, on one o' them plantations spoken of, and lasted longer. But, dog-gone it, that warn't farmin'; that warn't makin' what you call a crop, not what's called a crop in Alabama.

This provoked a Georgian to say that on a plantation where nobody worked before nor after daylight he could raise more bales of cotton than on a plantation where the other plan was followed. And as to white men not being able to work in the field, that was all a mistake. They could work; he'd seen white men working cotton in Texas, and was mighty nigh being run out of his own town for saying so, and for telling 'em that the doom of slavery was written by them Germans. It would n't be long before you'd see white men raisin' cotton in every State in the Confederacy.

Not our white men a'n't goin' to work, said the former speaker. But if you mean that there won't be any niggers very soon to do it, I believe you. Why, it's estimated that in the last year or two more 'n a million has perished; and you'll see in twenty years there won't be five hundred thousand, all told. They're a-goin' faster 'n the Injins.

Upon this ground the disputants came together again, but I doubted if more than one of the party really had faith in the theory to which all, as a matter of course, publicly assented. One of them, a young planter from Western Alabama, shared my room, and freely communicated his agricultural plans and expectations.

He had been a soldier in the Confederate army, and when the war closed found himself in Georgia, wounded and without money. He had a horse, however, which he sold at a good price, and the money thus obtained enabled him to go to his relations in Alabama. His uncle knew he had been in the service, and was therefore disposed to help him as much as possible, and, though there was really nothing to do, gave him sixty dollars a month till Christmas for overseeing the place. He got into a little cotton transaction, too, and cleared about four hundred dollars by that. Then his uncle let him set up a store in the yard. It seemed mighty curious, but every nigger round there had some silver, and it didn't take long to clean out all the goods, and at a profit of about a hundred per cent., too. Then the niggers did n't know the difference between gold and greenbacks; in fact, they liked the "Yankee money" the best, and he made a pretty good pile selling the silver. Come Christmas, his uncle made him a first-class offer. He went to bed, and laughed; could n't help it, as soon as he'd closed the bargain. He agreed to oversee the niggers and manage the place for one-half the crop. His uncle was to find corn and mules, and pay all the expenses. He intended to plant 800 acres in cotton, for there was corn enough there now to keep all the hands and stock at least two years. He had fifty-four niggers that belonged to his uncle, and was going to hire about twenty-one more. Three hundred acres were all ready for seed now, and he had more than thirty ploughs running, and plenty of seed on the place, so that he should get a very fair start. The niggers had promised to take up twenty acres a-piece, and he reckoned they would, for they were working as well now as they ever did, and they always used to work that much. The Alabama niggers were not like the Georgia niggers; they're just as ready to wait on you now as they ever were, and there's none of this impudence and independence. Then the planters in Georgia were letting niggers have land and giving them their own way, and perfectly spoiling them. There was none of that in this country.

I asked what wages he paid.

At first he had had some trouble, for they would n't contract; but an old nigger fellow, a driver, came to him and told him to leave it all in his hands; only let him promise each worker half a dollar a day, and he'd agree to bring them all round before New Year's. The driver was to have six bits a day if he could do it. By Christmas they found that they were not going to get any land, and sure enough every nigger signed a contract on New Year's morning for half a dollar a day and rations. Every morning he gave the old driver about three gallons of whiskey, and he served out a drink all round before they went into the field.

I said I supposed he had to take his contract to the Freedmen's Bureau for approval.

Oh, yes; but they approved it very willingly. The Bureau in his part of the country let you do pretty much as you liked. They had a mighty good man there—let you whip a nigger if you liked. He would give me an instance. One of his uncle's niggers was in the loom-house, a nigger woman it was, weaving, and she kept breaking the thread. His aunt reproved her for it several times, but she kept on breaking, so careless, you know, and would n't take pains, and his aunt went up to her to strike her; but the woman made as if she'd strike his aunt, who was obliged to find his uncle and report the facts to him. His uncle went to the loom-house, but the woman had left. He was in the store when he first heard of it, but he knew very well which way she would be likely to head, so he got his horse and followed after her. Sure enough, there she was going to town to complain to the Yankees. She did n't hide nor anything, and when he asked where she was off to, she spoke up as bold as brass, and said she was going to tell the Yankees how she was used. He showed her his pistol, and told her to march back, which she did, of course, and when his uncle got her he gave her the worst whipping she ever got. But she left in the night—she might as well have gone in the day-time, for nobody wanted her on the place; she was n't good for anything—and told what he and his uncle had done to her, and back she came with a note from the colonel. He supposed she thought something dreadful would be done to them, but when he read the note it just said: "I send back this woman, and advise you not to turn her away from the plantation. Make her behave herself and do her work, and if she needs correcting, correct her." That was all it said. The nigger left the place, for she said she would n't stay unless his uncle would agree not to whip her again. He did n't intend to whip her, for she got enough at first, but he told her "he'd see about it," and she got scared and left, for she thought he'd kill her sure.

The young man told me, furthermore, that he should still keep his store open, and expected to find it very profitable. Neither his uncle nor any of the neighbors intended to pay out much money to the hands till the crop was gathered, but he could arrange a system of certificates, he thought, and would be able to sell goods to the negroes upon credit and not lose anything by it. I congratulated him on the probability of his making quite a fortune from his store and the sale of his cotton, and enquired if he knew anything about another speculation which I had recently heard mentioned—the shipment of negroes to Cuba and selling them to Spanish planters? Yes, he said, he had been told about that, and if he had good luck he intended to get into it, for it was the biggest thing yet.

Half an hour after midnight our train was ready to start. In the darkness I missed the passenger carriage, and rode in a freight car, fitted up with benches for the conveyance of colored people. The weather had changed to cold and windy, and the box-stove full of pine wood failed to keep us warm. I could only see my fellow-passengers when at rare intervals the stove-pipe became red-hot. Then an old negro in front of it, nodding over a staff, would rouse himself, and poke the door till it opened and threw a flickering glare over the huddled figures, lying in every attitude of sleep and weariness. They looked like field-hands, and seemed to be all from one plantation, to which they were then returning. They seldom spoke, except now and then some impatient youngster set to "min' chil'" when he wished to sleep, or a woman hushing her baby. When the conductor appeared, however, he was assailed with complaints because colored folks were compelled to pay full fare now, though the accommodations were poorer than when only half price was charged. To this he replied: "You're free now, ain't you? You're as good as white folks, ain't you?" At half-past four I reached my journey's end, having consumed twenty-four hours in travelling about eighty-five miles.

The city of Montgomery is the most beautiful that I have yet seen. The country around is undulating, and the city itself is built on several gentle hills, whose tops are now green with new grass. Standing behind the city and looking south and west to the horizon, a vast basin of wooded land can be seen, green near at hand and bluish in the distance, with the Alabama

flowing through it towards the Gulf. Its many trees and broad streets are beauties common to Montgomery and other Southern towns, but here the streets are clean and hard, and the elegance of the private residences is equalled by the handsome and substantial appearance of the business quarter.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, January 13, 1866.

THE other day some American friends of mine, who are visiting England for the first time, complained that it was never cold here. By to-day I should hope they are undeceived. Anything bleaker or more miserable than the weather of the last week it has never been my misfortune to remember. London is covered with a deep layer of dirty-brown sludge during the day, which reason tells one is snow, but which to ordinary vision appears utterly incompatible with the idea of whiteness. At nights it freezes hard, and during the morning hours the pavement is so slippery one can hardly walk. The streets are almost impassable, the railway trains are delayed for hours, the telegraph wires are broken by the weight of snow resting upon them, cabmen refuse to ply except for "sensation" fares, and everybody who has a roof to cover him stops at home and tries unsuccessfully to keep out the chill, deadly cold by enormous fires. I do not give you this account of our social discomforts to excite your compassion. If the winter during which I visited New York was at all an average one, we have no cause to envy you for exemption from our discomforts. I only dwell upon the weather to make you understand the full bearing of the fact that, during this very week, the police have found it necessary to make a sort of raid against the wretched women who sleep at night in the parks. Yesterday a whole batch were taken before the magistrates charged with the offence of "not having any visible means of subsistence, and not giving a satisfactory account of themselves." Of late the parks have been infested at night with these miserable outcasts; and, at last, the nuisance to "respectable people" has become so great that the police have received orders to put down sleeping in the open air with the thermometer below freezing and the ground covered with trodden snow. The culprits guilty of this breach of good manners were first taken to the workhouse, but the overseers refused to receive them, because they had been inmates there not long ago, and had discharged themselves; so they were removed to the police court, and were there, no doubt greatly to their delight, committed to prison for one month as vagrants.

About the moral fate of these unhappy creatures there is no particular cause for sentimentalism. They were no more seduced governesses or fallen milliners than they were angels of purity. They were simply the most degraded of common street-walkers, the lowest refuse of the criminal classes. But still, their abject, hopeless misery is, as it were, the index of the sufferings of a class but little removed above them. It is not only thieves and prostitutes who may be found in the parks at night, without home or food or shelter. What is to be done, I cannot tell clearly; but this much, I think, is certain, that there must be something radically wrong in a state of society where such things can be. To Londoners the sight of beggars and outcasts about our streets is so common that they hardly appreciate its significance; but those who like myself have lived much in countries where these sights are unknown, can hardly, I think, avoid a painful jar upon our sense of right that we are thus compelled to recognize the contrast between the misery and luxury of this overgrown metropolis. And it is not odd that a large and increasing section of sincere Liberals have grown to be almost indifferent to political reform in the presence of the social evils amongst us crying for redress. Questions about the franchise or the ballot or redistribution of seats vanish into insignificance compared with the consideration of the problems of labor; and I attribute no small share of the apparent indifference about electoral reform to a sincere, though I believe a mistaken, scepticism as to the power of any political agitation to remedy the real evils which beset the English laboring classes. Talking of pauperism, I am afraid that the trustees of the munificent Peabody donation, whose report has just been issued, have failed to carry out the wishes of the donor. As I have understood from persons acquainted with him, the desire of the great Anglo-American millionaire was to do something for the poor of London—for that especial class of the poor which abounds in the country of his adoption, and is scarcely to be found in the country of his birth—the class which has neither roof to shelter them, nor food to eat, nor work to do. The trustees have employed his bequest in building a number of model lodging-houses, which will afford excellent abodes for well-to-do mechanics at moderate rents. The Peabody Fund will thus serve a very excellent purpose, but not that for which it was designed. Moreover, the donor ought to have lived long enough in England to know what would be the fate of

moneys bequeathed in trust. It is not in English nature to resist the temptation of having some tangible object in the way of bricks and mortar, secretaries and managers, to show for your money. If you want to do good here, give as freely as you like, but never leave money in trust for charitable purposes.

Meanwhile, the lull in politics still continues. Indeed, the one event of the week has been the appointment of Mr. Goschen to the vacant seat in the cabinet. I wrote to you some weeks ago about this gentleman's career. The Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, to which he has been raised from the comparatively insignificant office of Under-Secretary for the Board of Trade, to which he was appointed a few weeks ago, is a complete sinecure. It is an office which does not involve a seat in the cabinet, but to which a seat is generally attached, as it has been in the present instance. On the whole, the selection has given general satisfaction. Strange to say, it has done so not so much from Mr. Goschen's personal merits as from one quality of his—for which he can claim no especial gratitude—I mean his youth. We have had of late a perfect plethora of old ministers. Within my own recollection, I can recall no previous instance where a man under five-and-thirty, not the scion of a noble house, or favored with family interests, ever had a seat in the cabinet. We have no objection to old statesmen, as was testified by the popularity of Lord Palmerston, and perhaps still more by the public esteem for Earl Russell, but it is possible to have too much even of old men; and the country had long grown weary of the series of elderly baronets and grey-haired country magnates who of late years have been deemed the only available candidates for office under a Liberal administration. Mr. Goschen is in the very prime of life, has been trained out of the stereotyped official school, and will bring new blood into the Ministry. He represents, however, no very distinct party, and has no personal following; and I should doubt his adding much political strength to the Ministry. His accession will certainly not counterbalance the injury inflicted on the administration by the discovery that Mr. Cardwell, the Colonial Secretary, wrote a despatch congratulating Governor Eyre on his vigorous suppression of the Jamaica rising. This despatch was written before the full news of the bloodthirsty measures of reprisal taken by the whites had been received in England; and some excuse must be made for its being composed on insufficient data. But the awkward fact remains, that the colonial minister has more or less officially pledged himself to the approval of the very proceedings whose apparent enormity created the public demand for rigid enquiry. Mr. Cardwell would have stood much better with the world if he had frankly acknowledged his having already expressed an opinion on the matter when first he resolved to give way to the outcry for a commission. As it is, he is in a false position, and has offended Eyre's supporters by suspending him from his governorship, while he has alienated the opponents of the planter interest by identifying himself with the impugned officials. The fact that such a despatch existed explains a good deal of the apparent irresolution of the Ministry, because, unless they were prepared to throw Mr. Cardwell overboard, they are all more or less responsible for this expression of opinion. Whatever else happens, it is pretty certain that there must be a change in the colonial secretarinesship. Mr. Cardwell is one of those men who are found in power under every representative government, who are in office simply because they have been there before. A man of singularly little ability—at least as far as the public knows—he has existed on the sort of collective reputation enjoyed by the Peelites party, to which he formerly belonged. There is nothing to be said against him, and as little for him; so that as long as he made no conspicuous blunder, there was no reason why he should not remain a minister; and with us the sense of any politician's "vested interest" in office is extremely powerful. But now that he has committed a gross error of policy, not to mention principle, his insignificance will fail to protect him.

Commercially, there is a sort of panic going on this week. The Bank has raised its rate of discount to eight per cent.; and there is an impression that the rates will go much higher. As far as an outsider can understand the mysteries of finance, it seems that the object of this commercial *coup d'état* is to stop the drain of gold from the country. Why the Bank of England should consider itself bound to regulate the course of trade, is one not only, as Lord Dundreary says, "no fellow can be expected to comprehend," but which, to my humble apprehension, no fellow does comprehend. However, it is a tradition in the City that some unknown calamity would occur if there was less than a certain reserve of bullion in the Bank cellars; and we worship our traditional maxims with the same unreasoning faith as the African does his "fetish." The *Times* took advantage of this rise in the Bank rates to deliver a tremendous protest against the dangers of our own trade with America, and the probability that our vast exports since the war would never be paid for in full. The article, granted the premises, was sound

enough. Unfortunately, it appeared on investigation that since the resumption of the cotton trade our imports from the United States greatly exceed our exports, and that, therefore, our solvency is more important to American merchants than theirs is to our own. Since the discovery of this fact the *Times* has been making various ineffectual efforts to explain that it only meant to counsel the public generally against the dangers of over-trading. Since I wrote to you, a week or two ago, about the rumored dissensions between the proprietors and managers of the "leading journal," the existence of any such dissension has been denied by one or two newspapers which profess to have private intelligence on the subject. For my own part, I can only repeat to you the current talk of the clubs and the newspaper world. On questions of this kind it is, as I told you at the time, impossible to arrive at positive truth.

Last Sunday a new movement of a somewhat remarkable kind was set on foot in London. At St. Martin's Hall there was given the first of a series of "Sunday services for the people." Professor Huxley delivered a lecture on "the desirableness of improving natural knowledge," and the lecture was followed by an oratorio, performed by professional paid singers. On the following Sundays discourses will be delivered by Sir John Bowring, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Heywood, and others, all belonging to the advanced school of social and scientific reformers. The entertainment is not perhaps a very lively one, but the hall was literally crowded on the first night. Some years ago there would have been a furious outcry throughout the religious world against the desecration of the Sabbath contained in a series of secular lectures and concerts given at the very hour of evening service. But in religious matters we are far more tolerant than we used to be.

Talking of lectures, a Miss Emma Hardinge has just announced a course of orations in London, on America. I do not know whether, as is reported, she had any celebrity in the States. Some years ago she was an actress, and not a very successful one, at the Adelphi Theatre. I presume, from the number of Spiritualists I saw at her inaugural lecture, that she has a Spiritualistic connection. Women lecturers are not popular in England, and Miss Hardinge will scarcely, I think, create a sensation here.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Jan. 12, 1866.

So long a succession of violent gales as that which has been afflicting the Atlantic and its shores for nearly a week, has rarely been known; and so numerous are the wrecks already reported that great fears are entertained for the safety of the ships of which no tidings have yet reached us. The violence of the wind has not been confined to the sea. Trees and chimneys have suffered severely in Paris, the wind being often almost more than a strong man could withstand; roofs have been lifted bodily off some of the houses in London, one which fell, entire, into the middle of the road in crowded Fleet Street doing no harm, strange to say, to man or beast in its formidable descent; in Antwerp, people have been lifted off the ground and carried for several yards through the air; and similar experiences are reported from other quarters. The prevalence of rainy weather has been a great disappointment to the lovers of skating, an amusement which has lately been brought into fashion here by the numerous Russian colony, aided also by the American residents, many of whom are as accomplished in the skater's art as the Russians themselves. The example of the Emperor, who is an accomplished skater, and always "goes on the ice" with the Empress and the court when there is any ice to go upon, has tended still further to make skating a "rage" here; so that one might almost suppose, on seeing the eagerness with which the fashionable world is looking out for a fall of the thermometer, that the rigors of a Northern winter were the most enviable of all possible windfalls. To satisfy this new passion, a group of the leaders of the gay world of Paris, with Prince Joachim Murat, Prince d'Hénin, and Marquis de Morny at their head, have founded "The Skaters' Club," an organization commenced last winter, but only now fully completed. The club has rented, from the municipality, the lake of the Bois de Boulogne, 750 metres long by 150 wide, with a broad walk round it, an elegant *chalet*, where dinners, suppers, and refreshments are to be provided by a high priest of the culinary art, and warm parlors kept ready for the use of the members; the whole encircled by a low wall, surmounted by a handsome railing, and entered by a lofty gate, surmounted by gilded candelabra. Here the members, who are only received under stringent conditions, will have the right to skate whenever the club committee declares the ice to be in good order, membership being withdrawn from any who should persist in going on the ice when the latter has not been proclaimed to be "in order." The club proposes to give several brilliant night-fêtes this winter, including balls, at which the guests will skate through cotillions and waltzes;

the scene to be made gorgeous with electric lights and Bengal fires, and the buffets to be lavishly supplied with spiced wines and other delectable beverages. But, though the first snow of the season is coming down as I write, there are no indications of its being probable that the club will have any immediate opportunity of putting its programme into execution.

There being a great fancy just now for clubs, the wags are declaring that a number of the lady-leaders of the gay world, having determined to revenge themselves on the gentlemen for their exclusion from the favorite "circles" of the day, have held various meetings with a view to the formation of a female club, from which all males should be rigidly excluded; but that, owing to the preliminary adoption of a resolution declaring that the office of president should be held by the oldest member, and that of secretary by the youngest, the project has at last been abandoned, it having been found impossible to obtain a president, and every one of the members claiming the right to be the secretary.

As for the lectures which, under the name of "conferences," are just now so popular here, some little disappointment has been caused by the "oozing out," at the last moment, of George Sand's courage; the renowned novelist, who had engaged to be one of the lecturers, having just published "a card" ignominiously assuring the public that, "in her own opinion and that of the friends who know her best, it will be absolutely impossible for her to muster up the necessary nerve for facing an audience," but adding, to console the public for her defection, that "she will gladly do whatever the conference committee shall suggest to further the charitable aims of the society." The brilliant authoress is, in fact, like the rest of her contemporaries, obeying the fatal law which leaves us no alternative but to die or to grow old; and those who may have happened to see the recent photographs of her, of Lamartine, Thiers, Guizot, Hugo, and the rest of the writers of the same period, with whose names and whose younger faces the world is so familiar, and who have been struck by the unmistakable evidences of decay in their sharp and wizened features, will not wonder that the great novelist has shrunk from the trial which she had thought herself strong enough to undergo. A certain Miss Emma Hardinge, said to have been lecturing with great brilliancy and success on all possible topics in the United States, "from which she has just returned," is coming to this city, it appears, after giving the series of lectures which are being advertised in London. The lady's biography being unknown to the public of the modern Babel, and a very pretty and clever actress of that name, reputed to possess considerable literary talent, having vanished a few years since from the boards of the Adelphi, it is surmised that the lectress may possibly be the ex-actress coming out in a new character and on a new stage.

Twelfth Night, "Old Christmas Day," "the Fête of the Kings," as it is called here, has been honored with the usual observance; the Russians lighting up Christmas-trees in great abundance, the French putting a bean in the Twelfth Night cake, and Anglo-Saxons keeping to the old tradition of "the ring," and all celebrating the occasion with family dinners or evening parties. At the Twelfth Night dinner given at the Tuileries the cake was cut by the Empress, as usual, the pieces being carried round to the guests on a tray. The bean fell to the lot of Princess Hohenzollern; she gave it to the Prince Imperial, who thus became king for the rest of the evening, and exercised his power by imposing his sovereign commands on all the guests. His little highness, moreover, presented to the Princess a diamond bracelet, which he begged her to accept as a *souvenir* of the royalty he owed to her.

One of the prettiest actresses of Paris, Mlle. Colombier, celebrated the evening by giving an entertainment so gay and so splendid that those of her acquaintances who were not invited to it have been made furiously angry at the exclusion, one or two of them going so far as to write vituperative letters, expressive of their views in regard to hostess and party, to the *Figaro* and other scandal-mongering papers of the capital. To these complaints Mlle. Colombier, who makes a large income ostensibly by playing the part of innocent girls in the anything but innocent plays so greatly in favor in Parisian theatres, writes back to say that "although certain pieces (naming those in which the complainants appear) may be very popular with the public, they may well alarm the mistress of a house who lives in a very limited circle; besides which," adds the lady, with the scratch of a genuine set of French nails, "I made it a point to have only young people at my party."

The public of Vienna have greatly enjoyed the joke that was played off, on the evening in question, on one of the highest dignitaries of the Austrian Government, who, in the midst of the brilliant entertainment he was giving on the occasion, was informed that Alexander Dumas had presented himself, asking admission to the soirée, and volunteering to deliver a portion of his famous "lecture" for the amusement of his excellency's guests. His excellency, so goes the story, delighted to receive so distinguished an illustra-

tion, promptly accepted the offer, and the brilliant author of "Monte Christo"—who is said to have gone to Vienna for the purpose of repeating the "lecture" that was so much admired in this city—was ushered into the drawing-room, where he made himself extremely agreeable, and recited fragments of his "lecture" amidst the enthusiastic applause of all present. It was not until the following day that the minister became aware that the brilliant guest of the preceding evening was a false Dumas, got up with wonderful skill, and equal success, and that the whole affair was a merry hoax, the result of a wager, contrived for the purpose of mystifying the minister and his guests. The supposititious Dumas, to atone for his audacity in "taking in" so exalted a personage as a minister, has made over the proceeds of his wager to the poor of the capital.

The Pope has celebrated the festival by the usual benediction of a hat and sword, which objects are afterwards sent to some one of the sovereigns of Europe in recognition of the recipient's services as a "defender of the faith." But as, just now, no one among the forty-three reigning sovereigns of Europe (counting the German rulers and the Prince of Monaco) has any claim to such a distinction, the objects in question, after receiving the Papal benediction, were carefully put away to await the return of happier times.

The Prince of Monaco, who rules as an independent sovereign, theoretically as much a monarch as the Emperor of the French, a tiny dominion of a few square miles, whose income is derived from the profits of one of the worst gambling-houses of Europe, has long been set down as the most infinitesimal of sovereigns. But it appears that there is one representative of royalty still more infinitesimal than that of Monaco, viz., the traditional "Roi d'Yvetot," immortalized by Béranger, and still extant in the person of his lineal descendant, the present Marquis d'Albou. The Kings of Yvetot are by no means the mythical personages they have generally been supposed to be. King Clothaire having, about the year A.D. 530, assassinated his vassal, Gauthier of Yvetot, in the church of Soissons, was threatened by Pope Agapet with excommunication if he did not make some reparation for his crime. The King submitted to the Pope's orders and raised the estate of Yvetot into a sovereignty exempt from all vassalage. The descendants of the victim thus became kings, like his murderer. This state of things continued until 1881, when the parliament deprived the territory of a part of its privileges, but still left the inhabitants exempt from the payment of taxes. The Revolution at length swept away all distinctions; but there are dukes without duchies, and the Kings of Yvetot survived the loss of their kingdom. The present monarch has no children and only one brother, the Count d'Albou, a bachelor; and as the Salic law prevails in Yvetot, and the marquis's daughters could not inherit the king's title, the kingdom was in danger of becoming extinct. That difficulty, however, was got over by the count's doing, as so many uncles do in France, marrying one of his nieces, who, a week ago, gave birth to "a prince," presumptive heir to the royalty of Yvetot.

STELLA.

Correspondence.

HOW TO SECURE INDUSTRIAL SUPREMACY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

A motion was lately made in Congress to enquire whether additional legislation was not needed for the protection of some native manufactures. As this motion happened to be made by a senator largely interested in cotton spinning, the *Evening Post*, as the leading organ of the free-traders of this country, not unnaturally took advantage of the opportunity to point to the large dividends lately declared by several cotton manufacturing companies. But the inference drawn was anything but a fair one. It would not be possible to find amongst the factory owners, whatever some individuals may say or think, any large number in favor of increase in the present rate of duties or who would oppose any such reduction of them as would promise an increase of revenue to the Government, provided the tariff were so adjusted as to maintain that equality between the import duties and the internal taxes which economists of every school acknowledge to be both just and necessary. This done, they would certainly be content with such incidental protection as a well-adjusted tariff would give them, whether their special interests were kept in sight in forming it or not.

The cause of free trade cannot possibly be served by misrepresenting the state of opinion amongst the manufacturers. At the present moment, most of them are in favor of further enquiry as to the bearings of the present tariff upon their interests, for the simple reason that many branches of industry are really now only saved from absolute destruc-

tion by the premium on gold, the internal revenue taxes levied on them being so great as to exceed the duty on foreign imports of the same class if currency were at par. With currency constantly tending to par, the anxiety of those engaged in them is natural enough. I should like to know what commercial authority, native or foreign, has ever maintained that it is sound policy to extinguish branches of native industry by taxation from which foreign products are exempt.

One of the commonest of the arguments for protection is based on the alleged necessity of protecting our workmen from the competition of the "pauper labor" of England. Now the fact is that there is no such thing as "pauper labor" in any leading branch of manufacturing industry in England. There is pauper labor, or the next thing to it, in the agricultural districts. But if we place before the public a comparative statement of the wages of factory operatives and mechanics in England and in this country, and reduce our own wages to gold, it will be found that there is but little difference between them, and that in many branches of industry—metal-working, for example—the English artisan receives higher pay than the American. And even if it were not true that the wages in money are much more nearly equal than is commonly supposed, it certainly is true that the wages of English workmen will purchase more of the necessities of life than those of the American workman—and this is after all the real test of the rate of wages.

But there is perhaps no branch of foreign industry which suggests so much food for reflection to any candid American, whether protectionist or free-trader, as the state of the English iron trade. The *London Economist* of January 6—the great English authority on this class of subjects—has a most significant and interesting article on the approaching exhaustion of the English coal mines. The great power of England as an industrial competitor of other countries has always lain, not, as is popularly supposed, in her cheap labor, but in her cheap machinery, and her machinery has been cheap because her beds of coal and beds of iron lay side by side and were easily worked. This advantage is now passing away, and the importance of this fact is really tremendous. It opens up a vista of changes, both social and political, so startling that I can here only allude to them. English writers admit the superiority of American iron and the cheapness of American coal, and do not shrink from glancing at the possible consequences of these two facts.

The article in the *Economist* of which I have just spoken says:

"Of 136,000,000 tons of iron now raised throughout the world, Great Britain produces eighty million, and the United States only twenty. But this is only because we have had the first start, and because our population is far denser, and because our iron and our coal lie conveniently for each other, and conveniently for carriage. As soon as America is densely peopled, to America must both our iron and our coal supremacy—and all involved therein—be transferred, for the United States are in these respects immeasurably richer than even Great Britain. Their coal fields are estimated at 196,000 square miles in extent, while ours are only 5,400. But this is not all: their coal is often better in quality and incomparably more accessible than ours, especially in the Ohio Valley. In some places the cost at the pits' mouth even now is two shillings per ton in America, against six shillings in England."

The *Economist*, while admitting our superiority, however, postpones the transfer of power until we have a dense population. But we should have to wait a century for this most undesirable consummation in the ordinary course of things. Let us rather transfer the supremacy of England in coal and iron, and all involved in it, by diminishing the density of her mining population and by raising the standard of wages in England to an entire equality with our own; then, with our higher standard of education for the mass of our people, we can compete with her in all the markets of the world.

We must bear in mind that we transfer supremacy in every branch of manufacture or commerce when we transfer supremacy in iron. On machinery built from cheap iron, England manufactures raw material drawn from every quarter of the globe, and in cheap iron vessels, propelled by cheap iron engines, she sends out her finished product. The place to attack her, therefore, is her mines. The discussions of the war have diffused knowledge of this country among her people; give them the means and organize emigration by spreading information among her miners, and they will flock to our shores. But how shall we give them the means? Reduce the multiplied taxes upon iron in this country, simplify our revenue system upon that, if upon nothing else, and then reduce the tariff upon iron.

Let our revenue be raised, either by tax or tariff, upon anything rather than coal or iron. Let us have cheap railroads, mills, machines, and implements. Tax the product, but not the iron tools. By thus cheapening iron you create a new demand upon England for more product, and certain results must follow. Her metal-workers are now paid higher wages than in this country, but her miners are not. Raise the wages of her miners by a

large and sudden demand for the coarser forms of iron, pig-iron bars, rails, etc., now so much needed for the extension of our railroads, then spread information among them by which they will be induced to use the means thus acquired to transfer themselves from the deep, unhealthy, and hardly-worked mines of England to the easily-worked surface-mines of this country. And when you have thus transferred a portion of the mining population, the metal-workers must follow. The mining industry of England is now pressed to its utmost; a very slight additional demand would raise wages even to an extravagant point, as the sudden demand upon Lancashire has raised the wages of the operatives in the cotton factories, and, with the means thus acquired, there cannot be a doubt that such emigration of miners might be induced as for ever to equalize the cost of iron in England and the United States. Remove ten per cent. of her mining population, and fifty years would not suffice for her to repair the loss.

A skilled miner cannot be made in a day. The ignorant, under-fed clodhopper, who now tills the English farm, even though he may wish to do so, cannot become a miner. The miner of England is in some senses the product of the mine; his ability to bear the underground life and to perform the specific labor is the growth of generations. The children of English miners must be bred among the mines, they cannot be bred elsewhere. Remove the adults and we not only affect the present cost of English iron, but we affect it for all time, for we remove from a life which, in consequence of the depth of the English mines, has become almost unbearable those who would never have borne such a life had they not been born and bred to it, and to which, as it becomes worse and worse with increasing depth, no new class can ever be trained.

The course proposed here would be no injury to our iron-masters, but a positive benefit to them. They too are now struggling against an ill-adjusted tax and tariff bill; let them, instead of asking more protection, ask for less taxes. It has become evident that when the arrearages of the war are paid up, and the tax on spirits, tobacco, and cotton systematized, the industry of the country may be partly relieved; and the slightest investigation would bring every manufacturer or merchant to the aid of the iron-master if he would ask that the first relief may be extended to him. A tax upon iron is a tax upon every form of industry of the most injurious nature.

A MANUFACTURER.

January 28.

REPOSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

All the influences of our climate, of our political institutions, of our social habits, tend to energetic action and immediate practical results. We have accepted the old saying, *Laborare est orare*, in its most literal sense, and made work a part of our religion. Naturally enough; for without much work there can be no progress, and the American is bound to "go ahead." And thus the railroad, symbol of progress, bids fair to supplant the eagle as our national emblem, if not on our coins at least in the mouths of our orators and lecturers. Some of these, indeed, take it for the type and representative of everything that seems to them good. Now it is man in general who is compared to the railway, now the American man particularly; at one time the age, at another Christianity itself. I assure your readers that I am not joking or exaggerating, and if there is any irreverence in the last comparison the fault is not mine, but that of the man who made it, the popular author, Dr. Timothy Titcomb Holland.

As yet, however, there have been an exception and a qualification, both pretty generally admitted. First, a tolerably wide exemption from the prevalent necessity was accorded to all women whose husbands or fathers occupied any position above that of the day-laborer; secondly, professional men were supposed to be absolved from any participation in the manual industry of the country: they were not expected to work with their hands because they worked with their heads.

Against the continuance of this exception and this qualification no less a writer than Mrs. Stowe declaims in a recent number of the "Atlantic Monthly." In the article above mentioned she distinctly recommends that ladies should be their own servants and gentlemen their own mechanics, not altogether, indeed (for that would set us back to Robinson Crusoe's island at once), but partially and on principle. Nothing better illustrates the difficulty of the "servant gal" problem than that a writer of Mrs. Stowe's ability, in attempting to solve it, should be led to revive Rousseauism in a slightly modified form, and recommend a retrograde movement toward the first elements of civilization.

Recreation, according to Mrs. Stowe, is an aristocratic device. It was adopted as a class distinction. The spirit of caste required that physical labor should be dishonorable; therefore when rich men had to perform

some physical labor for the sake of their health, it must be useless (or unproductive, as a political economist would say), riding, shooting, and the like. According to democratic principles, manual labor is not dishonorable; but we shall never be complete democrats in practice till we prove our faith by all taking a share in it. Hand-work is just as good as head-work, and should be the only relief to head-work. The lawyer, for instance, we suppose, should cobble his own roof and shovel his own coal, instead of taking a "constitutional" in the park or a shooting excursion to the Adirondacks.

Of the many objections to this theory, each grave enough to be in itself fatal, I shall present but two, which seem to me so simple and obvious that were it not for the fact that we find them wholly overlooked by those who write most on the subject, and for the largest audiences, I should think it hardly respectful to your readers to engage in its discussion. The first is its inhumanity. To use a popular phrase, it is cruelty to animals. Children require some sort of play; that is pretty generally admitted. But men require play also, though they dignify it by the names of relaxation, diversion, recreation. And the more thoroughly serious the work, the more thoroughly recreative should the recreation be. It must be play, not the substitution of one sort of work for another. So much so, that when any species of manual labor is fancied as an amusement, the natural tendency is to expend it on objects not of immediate utility. Thus, a lad with a tool-chest will try to cut out a boat or build a sleigh; he rarely attempts to mend the front door—fortunately for all parties concerned, the door included. The result of all educational experiments goes to show that whenever not manual labor merely, but even a strict military or gymnastic drill, is substituted for amusement, one of two things happens, either the regular studies suffer, or the double work breaks down all the students except the picked specimens. West Point weeds out more than sixty per cent. of its cadets.

It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. Would Mrs. Stowe expect a mechanic after eight or ten hours' work to sit down contentedly to "Mill on Hamilton," or "Wheaton on International Law?" Yet she seems to expect the merchant, after his work, to solace himself with mending the kitchen wall where the Croton pipe has burst.

Such is the primary use of those recreations which Mrs. Stowe, in her mistaken zeal against everything that can be tortured into a connection with aristocracy, stigmatizes as useless. She might as well grudge the time spent in sleep, and call it wasted.

The second objection which I shall make to the theory that in an ideal state of society every man will hew his own wood and draw his own water, is that an advance in that direction can only be accomplished by forcing a retreat of civilization. In a primitive state each individual is his own facetotum, except so far as his family can divide labor with him. The settlers at a new "diggings" realize the Irish advertisement, "Every man his own washerwoman." One of the first impulses of a forming and crystalizing society is to get rid of this state of things at whatever price, whence one cause of slavery as a rudimentary stage of civilization. The obvious economical motive is that we do work sooner, better, and more cheaply by distributing it into specialties.

It is a fundamental error of many of our popular lecturers and essayists to suppose work to be an end instead of a means, or, in other words, to be absolutely and invariably good in itself. Here we may turn against them their own pet illustration of the railroad, a most excellent and necessary thing when properly managed, but sometimes, as recent experience shows, fearfully abused. And the analogy holds good more ways than one, for the cause of our railroad mishaps is the tacit assumption that the road was made for itself—that is, for the directors and stockholders to put fat dividends into their pockets—and not for the public; in short, that it was an end, not a means. The error is parallel in the two cases. Or we may compare the working virtues with courage—an admirable and valuable property—the known absence of which renders man or nation contemptible, without which neither man nor nation is ever quite safe; yet we know that it is possessed by very noxious brutes and by men little above brutes. Energy, diligence, perseverance, these are very praiseworthy qualities, no doubt, in most of their combinations; yet, after all, these are qualities of the worst sensation editor, of many a conspirator and traitor and despot, of the prince of the powers of the air himself, so far as we know anything about him. There is no contradiction or solecism in the phrase *wicked industry*.

Besides, when work is expended on objects unobjectionable in themselves, the mere element of prematureness may render it an evil instead of a good. If a road or a street is opened before it is wanted, if a hotel is built in the fields (as we have often seen them) waiting for a town to come along and cook it up, all the intervening interest is a dead loss, and often the loss is

not confined to the interest. Premature work frequently becomes a fruitful cause of mischief by making itself accessory to the wildest speculations.

Again, there is a great error in making those work who are not fit to work. When a man cannot do any particular good, the next best thing is to keep him from doing any great harm. The popular prejudice is that this end will be secured by keeping him at work, *i. e.*, pushing him into some business, which very often is about as reasonable as it would be to put an idiot in charge of a powder magazine for fear he might run after the chickens. Our journalists often hold up for admiration and imitation the successful men of business; but who ever thinks of recording the unsuccessful? Year after year hundreds of young men with some patrimony of their own embark in commerce, seem to prosper for a time, and then there is a crash, and they drag to ruin with their friends, relatives, and business connections. Better, far better, for society had they been the nominal occupants of empty offices, like the briefless barristers of London; mere club and drawing-room loungers, professed drones. This is an everyday case; there is one somewhat less common and infinitely sadder, where a man of literary or artistic tastes is urged by his family or persuaded by his friends into the money-making mill, where he spends his best years only to come to financial grief at last.

And yet our popular moralists are for ever crying out to young and old, rich and poor, "Work, work, work! Idleness is the greatest of sins. Recreation is vice. All those who administer to the amusement of others are corrupt and profligate (*vide* Timothy Titcomb *passim*; he has certainly never made himself amenable to the charge). Go to the railroad, thou slug-gard; consider its ways and be wise."

I have often thought of the consequences if these good people could have their way to the uttermost. I have often tried to image to myself what this great country would be with a total suppression of public amusements and popular recreations—no dogs, guns, or horses kept for pleasure, no boat or ball clubs, no theatres or opera, and, to make the reform complete, no fictitious writings without a moral, except the newspapers. Nor is this picture so visionary; we must remember that many conscientious and well-meaning persons object to all these things as desperately wicked, while many others, though not so convinced of their enormity, are inclined to regard them as wasteful and superfluous. And the result is not very difficult to guess at. Among the majority of our population, a huge increase of all manner of in-door vice; among men of property, an increased tendency to live abroad. Why is that tendency already so marked? We are never weary of asserting our superiority over Europe, and most of us really believe it. Yet there are few who have been there that do not long to return. A great many reasons are given for this, most of them partially true; but there is one of universal application, often familiarly expressed by saying that "you get more for your money abroad." There are more provisions for amusement and more opportunities for repose. Americans seek in Europe that relaxation and refreshment which they cannot easily obtain in their own country, but which come to them there without effort. That this is the principal reason one fact will show. There is a great European nation which, in its serious energy and absorbing devotion to business, nearly equals ours. True, it has an abundance of very decided national sports, but they are so strictly national and require so much special experience as to be inaccessible to the majority of strangers. And to that country not one of a hundred travelling Americans ever goes with any anticipation of pleasure, or willingly protracts his stay in it for a longer period than is necessary to gratify a traveller's curiosity.

There was a certain spice of truth in the irreverent New England jest about the final destination of good Bostonians. We cannot imagine Elysium as a place where the active virtues will be much in requisition. The necessity of work was a part of the primal curse, and though divine goodness has converted it into a blessing, still the blessing is not unmixed. *Labor vincit omnia*, but labor is sometimes *improbis*. T. D.

THE METAPHYSIO OF JOKING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

In a late number of your paper the questions of wit and humor have been discussed very sensibly, by example. Perhaps a metaphysical suggestion or two may not be undeserving of consideration.

Without referring to the Buddhistic dogma of emanation, or the Parmenidean unity, most people will admit that all things and facts take their source from one great first cause—be that cause law or person—and that, accordingly, all things are linked together by a certain rational bond, nay, have a certain identity and solidarity. Again, to us, at least, all things have a certain difference and separation. How these matters seem to an

infinite mind, or even to an intellect correlative and equal with the whole creation, is the point where Platonists and Aristotelians differ; the common mind accepts the facts of two things being both alike and different.

Now, the human understanding, in dealing with the surrounding universe, finds it necessary, much for the sake of thought, and almost altogether for speech and action,—finds it necessary, I say, to work by means of classification, to rank things in order as well as it may by distributing them in class, order, species, and family. Indeed, all logical and scientific apprehension bases itself on this, and is a more or less sagacious arrangement into class. But, on the one hand our most imperfect apprehension of the nature of things, on the other the necessity of action and the necessity of classification accordingly, cause many, perhaps most, of our classifications to be in conflict with the deeper reason and nature of things, and all of them to be more or less imperfect.

Now, the human mind is now higher than its circumstances, and looks forward to still higher advance, and accordingly it, at least in favored instances, amuses itself by passing criticism and condemnation on even its own workings. One way is to detect similarities between things which it accepts as different, the other to notice difference in those things considered alike. The first of these qualities metaphysicians name wit, the second they entitle humor. A good illustration of the one is that treasure-house of brilliant and intense wit, "Hudibras," where, though there be much droll narrative and humorous conception, the great intellectual feat is its mass of *simile*; its richness in instances of discovery of similarity in things different. The lines,

"When, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn,"

are a familiar and often-quoted example. On the other hand, when we consider the pre-eminent creations of humor, when we notice Falstaff, Don Quixote, Parson Adams, Lismahago, Trunnion, Bumble, Mrs. Glegg, we observe that all these persons are perfectly commonplace, and like other men, except in certain points, and the humorous power consists in the brilliant exposition of those characteristics whereby they are peculiar and different from those whom we class them with; they are, in short, cases of difference in things similar. Caliban and Ariel, on the other hand, have human characteristics, but are not human, and are creations of the opposite faculty. When we consider that master-work of humor, the "Adventures of Gulliver," it is observable that the humor lies in the insisting on the subordinate circumstance of differing bulk in creatures in all other points absolutely like Gulliver and each other, not merely in physique and intellect, but even in political, social, and generally material civilization. As for the much inferior third part, it is merely a description of a set of diseased minds, and only gratifies the lower portion of the intellect.

Meantime, it is observable that *jest* is something beyond these. People do not laugh much at Hudibras, and Gulliver might be mistaken for a grave and serious history. As Whately remarks, all jests are *fallacies*; the ludicrousness consists in the sophistical ingenuity. The point of likeness between the morning and a lobster is real and rational as far as it goes; but had it been fallacious it would have been jocose. In the question addressed to a man carrying a hare, "Is that your own hare or a wig?" there are three separate sophistications of sense, based on the varying meanings of a spoken sound. And in the saying of Pitcairn, who, on seeing a pious old bricklayer buried in the ruins of the chimney which he was building, and which had fallen with him, quoted the text: "Blessed (quere, blessés?) are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest in their labors, and their works follow them"—in this *bon-mot* the intensity of the jest lies in the immensity of the fallacy obtruded upon us. So when Diogenes turned the stripped bird loose in the school, as an example of Plato's man (a "two-legged, unfeathered creature"), the jest lay in the assumption that a circumstance produced by art was equivalent to a characteristic of nature.

If we suppose, then, that what we laugh at in a repartee is its droll sophistry, it remains to consider what may be the equivalent in matters of humor. And here comes in Coleridge's remark, that humor consists in the ignoring the difference between the great and the little by comparing both with the infinite. Thus, the King of Lilliput's superior half-inch of stature was enough to strike awe into beholders, although we do not consider it as such; and Gulliver was not an infant, although the queen's women treated him as such. So great humorists bring out the peculiarities of their creations by contrasting them with something noble and normal therewith connected. Falstaff's intellect and Quixote's nobleness and generosity serve thus to show off their peculiarities; and Hawser Trunnion, with his love for Peregrine, his gratitude to Gauntlet's children, his anxiety for Emilia's happiness and honor, and his simple piety, showing the handiwork of a great humorist as opposed to Ben Foresight, who is in exterior as uncouth and droll as he.

If these ideas be correct, then—as finite minds dealing with an illimitable universe—we shall hereafter be still obliged to classify, and our classifications will be still imperfect, so that wit and humor will exist for us in another stage of being. Will fallacy and sophistication exist there? Probably, if moral evil does; so that it seems probable that jest exists hereafter. And we may make even deeper reflections. Pity and sympathy are evidently compulsions laid on us, and a just and benevolent nature would not need them, so that we may suppose that in a higher state of existence they disappear; perhaps the passionate hate of guilt may be lessened, too, in those no longer subject to temptation. In tragedy and comedy in this present life the consciousness of unreality lessens these emotions, and places us in a position akin to that which, perhaps, may be ours hereafter; and under such circumstances we view wickedness and misery, folly and vexation, with pleasure both serious and jocose. Shall it be so hereafter? Shall the vision of the evil world give us the sensation of a grand and interesting tragic show, not without comic scenes? And, as to an advancing moral insight crime must seem more and more the height of absurdity and abnormality, shall that vision steadily change more and more into an intense and tremendous farce?

S. T.

SCIENCE AND AGRICULTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Your remarks concerning the lessons taught us by the results accomplished by the agricultural schools of Germany, in your issue of the 18th ult., are timely. Plainly, there is a demand for a specific education in the sciences relating to agriculture; and this instruction should be demonstrative as far as practicable, just as the sciences relating to the treatment of the human system are taught by demonstration. But the popular notion that these schools should embrace practical farm labor and management, the actual manipulation of soils, is likely greatly to retard their usefulness and success. It is feared that too much will be attempted and too little accomplished. The attention of your readers is called to the following considerations, which are offered in no dogmatic spirit:

1. These agricultural schools should not attempt to teach the pupil what may be learned in our common schools and seminaries. A good English education should be required in the pupil before he is admitted to pursue the agricultural course of study. He should be familiar with the elementary principles of the sciences also. His knowledge of Latin should be such as to qualify him to understand scientific terms and names. To this primary education the agricultural schools should only aim to add a professional one. The physical sciences, in their especial relation to agriculture in its different departments, embrace the field of education now most needed and most neglected. Geology and chemistry as applied to the composition of soils; botany, analytic and descriptive, and the chemical physiology of plants; the anatomy and physiology of animals, embracing veterinary science; entomology, embracing especially the natural history of noxious insects and their enemies; ornithology and the natural history of our own birds; land surveying and the laws of business; these may be enumerated as constituting the proper work of an agricultural school designed to aid the American agriculturist.

2. These sciences should not be taught abstractly. In medical schools they are applied so far as to make them demonstrative. They should be so applied in the agricultural school. The adaptation of soils to the growth of the different roots, cereals, and grasses; the effect of the products of specific soils upon the physiology of animals; the geography, propagation, and hybridization of plants; the laws to be observed in the breeding of the various domestic animals; the effects of drainage upon the temperature of both soils and climate; the influence of forests upon the atmosphere and the productive capacity of a neighborhood—all these and more are topics which are suggested as growing out of the investigation of the natural sciences related to agriculture. The field is boundless, and as interesting as it is unlimited.

3. But the agricultural schools of America should not bestow their benefits exclusively upon pupils who are prepared to enter upon and steadily pursue the course of study prescribed. A large class of farmers' sons and young farmers would avail themselves of a winter course of demonstrative lectures who could not otherwise hope to receive any benefit from such schools. These should be provided and be made as practicable as possible. The scientific lecturer should be aided by the experience of practical men in each specialty. His theories should be submitted to the test of practical criticism. These schools must at first be adapted to the present wants and present acquirements of the agriculturists of this country. They must be placed within the reach of men greedy after knowledge, but whose education is that acquired by observation and experience, rather than in the

schools. A scientific fact, a single law, practically demonstrated to their minds, will set in motion a spirit of enquiry which cannot fail to affect their professional character and ability most favorably.

The agricultural press of the country has done very much for American agriculture; but its chief work has been to illustrate the need there is of a more general diffusion of specific agricultural knowledge. The Congressional land grant is one of the results of this effort. There are few more important topics for discussion in your columns than the right use of that endowment—no educational question just now causing practical men so much thought and anxiety.

C. D. B.

THE ORIGINAL MOTHER GOOSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

My attention has been called to a paragraph in your journal of last week which may, perhaps, be construed as intimating a doubt of the trustworthiness of my account of the "Mother Goose" of nursery celebrity. I do not wonder that the statement should be received with some incredulity, but I am satisfied that it is correct. There is not only positive but strong negative evidence to show that this renowned lady was of New England origin. The article in my "Dictionary" was abridged from a communication to the *Boston Evening Transcript* for January 14, 1860, written in all good faith by a gentleman of undoubted veracity, residing in this vicinity. According to this authority—for he may surely be called so—"Mother Goose" was not only a veritable personage, but was born and resided many years in Boston, where many of her descendants may now be found. The last that bore the ancient paternal cognomen died about the year 1807, and was buried in the Old Granary Burying-Ground, where probably lie the remains of the whole brood, if we may judge from the numerous grave-stones which mark their resting-place. The family originated in England, but at what time they came to this country is unknown, but probably about the year 1656. This was the '*wealthy family of Goose*' (written also *Vergoose* and *Vertigoose*), which is immortalized by Mr. Bowditch in his book of '*Suffolk Names*.' They were landholders in Boston so early as 1660. Nearly half the space between West and Winter Streets, on Washington Street, and extending westerly towards Tremont Street two hundred and seventy-five feet, belonged to this family, as did also a large tract of land on Essex, Rowe, and Bedford Streets, upon which now stand two churches and a large number of dwelling-houses. *So much for Mother Goose*. Now for her melodies. It is well known to antiquarians that more than two hundred years ago there was a small book in circulation in London, bearing the name of '*Rhymes for the Nursery*;' or, '*Lulla-Byes for Children*,' which contained *many of the identical pieces* which have been handed down to us, and now form part of the '*Mother Goose's Melodies*' of the present day. It contained also other pieces much more silly, if possible, and some that the *American* types of the present day would refuse to give off an impression [of]. The 'cuts' or illustrations thereof were of the coarsest description. The first book of the kind known to be printed in this country bears the title of '*Songs for the Nursery*;' or, '*Mother Goose's Melodies for Children*.' Something probably intended to represent a goose, with a very long neck and mouth wide open, covered a large part of the title-page, at the bottom of which [was] '*Printed by T. Fleet, at his printing-house, Pudding Lane, 1719. Price two coppers*.' Several pages were missing, so that the whole number could not be ascertained. This T. Fleet, according to Isaiah Thomas, was a man of considerable talent, and of great wit and humor. He was born in England, and was brought up in a printing-office in the city of Bristol, where he afterwards worked as a journeyman. . . . [Becoming implicated] in the riotous proceedings connected with the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, in Queen Anne's time, . . . [he] thought it prudent to put the ocean between himself and danger. He made his way to this country, and arrived in Boston, 1712. . . . It was not long before he became acquainted with the '*wealthy family of Goose*,' a branch of which he had before known in Bristol, and was shortly married to the eldest daughter. By the record of marriages in the City Registrar's office, it appears that in '1715, June 8 was married, by *Rev. Cotton Mather*, *Thomas Fleet* to *Elizabeth Goose*.' The happy couple took up their residence in the same house with the printing-office in Pudding Lane," etc.

Another correspondent of the *Transcript*, writing under date of June 17, 1864, says: "That celebrated work, '*Mother Goose's Melodies*,' . . . was printed by Thomas Fleet, under the title of '*Songs for the Nursery*;' or, '*Mother Goose's Melodies for Children*,' and was partly a reprint of an English collection of songs. The new title was doubtless a compliment by the printer to his mother-in-law Goose, for her valuable contributions to this

immortal work; and as she was the mother and stepmother of sixteen children, we may easily trace the origin of the famous song of the

—Old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she did n't know what to do!"

Our Mother Goose does not appear to be known in England. Halliwell has nothing whatever to say about her in his learned and well-known work on the "Nursery Rhymes of England," and I find that a correspondent of "Notes and Queries," who asked (March 26, 1864) for information as to her origin and history, obtained none that could be regarded as in any wise satisfactory. It seems, from one of the replies to his query, that there was an old flower-woman living in Oxford as late as 1818, who was popularly called Mother Goose; but she cannot, of course, have been the original Mother Goose. In 1806, a pantomime by T. Dibdin, called "Mother Goose, or the Golden Egg," was brought out at Covent Garden, and had a run of ninety-two nights, acquiring, as Dickens says ("Life of Grimaldi," ch. xii.), "a degree of popularity quite unprecedented in the history of pantomime." Our English cousins appear to have no acquaintance with any other Mother Goose than these and Perrault's. No English bibliographical work which I have consulted contains the name: it is not mentioned in any catalogue of chap-books, garlands, and popular histories, or of old or rare books, or the like.

The coincidence between the name of the imaginary relater of Perrault's fairy tales and that of the old lady whose verses charmed our infancy, though very curious, seems to have been merely accidental. But why did Perrault call his *eidolon* Mother Goose? This is a question which will, probably, occur to most who consult the "Dictionary of Fiction," and I ought to have answered it there rather than here; but, not having done so, I will repair the fault so far as I can by briefly stating Collin de Plancy's explanation, which is very plausible, and may be accepted as the true one: King Robert II. of France took to wife his relative Bertha, but was commanded by Pope Gregory V. to relinquish her, and to perform a seven-years penance for marrying within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity. Being excommunicated for disobeying the command and his kingdom laid under an interdict, everybody forsook him except two servants. Not long after, his wife having been confined, a *lusus nature*, somewhat resembling a deformed duck, or, as some say, a goose, was shown him, and declared to be the offspring to which she had given birth. The king, struck with horror, repudiated Bertha, and subsequently married Constance. It was further asserted that Bertha had one foot shaped like that of a goose, and the credulous populace, remembering how the wife of Pepin the Short was named "Bertha with the great foot," because one foot was larger than the other, called the divorced wife of their unhappy king "Goose-footed Bertha" and "Queen Goose." The French have a proverbial saying that any incredible tale belongs to "the time when Queen Bertha spun," and they call such a tale "one of Queen Goose's, or Mother Goose's, stories." Now, in all the vignettes which accompany the old editions of Perrault's "Contes de ma Mère l'Oye," "Mother Goose" is represented as using a distaff, and as surrounded with a group of children, whom she holds entranced by her wondrous tales.

I must add that *oie* means literally *bird*, the goose being considered as the bird *par excellence* among domestic fowls. The word comes from the Latin *avis*, a diminutive form of which, in the barbarous Latinity of the Middle Ages, was *avica* or *auca*; in Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian, *oca*. This form is feminine, and the Romanic languages have no cognate word that properly designates a gander. Hence, to mark the sex, when the female is intended, the French say *La Mère Oie*, Mother Goose. Similarly we speak of a *hen-sparrow*, of *cock-robin*, of *Jenny Wren*, etc.

I remain, sir,

Very respectfully yours,

WILLIAM A. WHEELER.

ROXBURY, Mass., Jan. 31, 1866.

Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE report of the Special Commission appointed to consider the subject of internal revenue in all its branches touches, as might be expected, on the burdens inflicted by the present system on the manufacture of books in this country. It is asserted, and no doubt with truth, that, including licenses and income tax, the printed book and its constituent materials pay from twelve to fifteen distinct taxes before it reaches the reader. Every separate item that enters into the book—paper, cloth, boards, glue, thread, gold leaf, leather, and type material—pays from three to six per cent. in the first in-

stance and then five per cent, on the whole combined, and this not on the cost of the manufactured article, but upon the price at which it is sold—a tax upon knowledge which, in the language of the report, "can only be justified on the grounds of imperative necessity." The sum, after all, received from the internal taxation on "books, magazines, etc.," is so insignificant that no financial considerations can be urged for a moment to justify its continuance. The total amount is only \$354,528 (one-third less than what is procured from the article "confectionery"), so that there is every prospect of the release of the trade from a vexatious and burdensome impost.

—The reprint of Cadwallader Colden's "History of the Five Indian Nations depending on the Province of New York," a fac simile of William Bradford's New York edition of 1727, announced by Mr. T. H. Morell, of 134 Fulton Street, has just appeared, and does honor to the taste and enterprise of the publisher. It is undoubtedly the most valuable book that the present rage for privately printed and limited editions of rare books has produced. The scarcity of the original is so great that it was never seen by Mr. O. Rich, the American bibliographer, who passed a long life in searching out and recording the materials for American history. Of late years a copy, long considered unique, was in the library of Hon. H. C. Murphy, of Brooklyn; and more recently three others have rewarded the diligent search of collectors, from one of which the present reprint is made. The value of the original cannot be considered as less than one hundred and fifty dollars, and from that to as much more as the condition of the copy and the competition of buyers might carry it to. The reprint is confined to one hundred and twenty-five copies in octavo, and thirty on large paper in imperial octavo. It is accompanied with a fine portrait of Governor Colden, and an introduction and notes by John Gilmary Shea, including a memoir of the author and the curious literary history of the work. The circumstances of its publication in America and England give an ample justification, if any were needed, for the collecting of first editions, for reasons independent of mere considerations of scarcity. The editor shows that it is only since the discovery of this original impression that we are acquainted with the real production of Governor Colden, the unauthorized suppressions and alterations of the later editions, now for the first time evident, depriving them of all claim to authority. We understand the price of the few remaining copies of this book will be raised in a very short time, and would recommend all New Yorkers curious in the history of their native State to lose no time in securing one.

—Proposals have been issued for a new photo-lithographic impression of the first English book of emblems, a rare and curious work written by Geoffrey Whitney, a native of Cheshire, and printed by Christopher Plantin, at Leyden, in 1586. It is entitled "A Choice of Emblems and other Devices," and contains two hundred and forty-seven emblematic engravings and devices on wood accompanied by quaint old verses. The edition is undertaken by the Rev. Henry Green, of Knutsford, Cheshire, who says, in a note to a friend in America, referring to the work: "The author, Geoffrey Whitney, has, I understand, several of his name and some descendants from his family in the United States, and I am desirous, if I could, of being placed in communication with them, so as to secure their co-operation in the work." Should any of our numerous Whitneys respond to Mr. Green's wish, Messrs. Scribner & Co., of 124 Grand Street, New York, will take charge of anything intended for him. The reprint is undertaken on a very liberal and satisfactory scale. The number of copies printed, on tinted paper, the exact size of the original edition, is four hundred and fifty, at twenty-five shillings each, the price of which will be raised after publication to £2 2s., and fifty copies of a larger size in demi-quarto; all of these latter have been subscribed for. A general history of emblem books and the literature of the subject will be given, including a bibliography of all the English works of the kind, essays by the editor on their relations to our early literature, "Shakespeare's references to emblem books," etc., etc., illustrated with plates from the various earlier emblems, and every information requisite to form a complete work on an important and curious branch of artistic and ethical enquiry.

—A new spirited publishing firm, Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, have established themselves at 646 Broadway, and boldly assert their intention to "devote themselves to the dissemination of what is best in literature, and to that alone." A business commenced on such a principle deserves to command success. Mr. Leypoldt's antecedents as a publisher give a pledge for his taste and enterprise on a wider field of action. Among other announcements of the firm is a series of poems representative of the literature of various remote nations, each one accompanied by an introduction to the literature of the country by competent and well-known scholars. Those already

determined on are, the Sanscrit "Sakuntala, or the Fatal Ring," by Calidasa, first made known to Europe by Sir William Jones; the Swedish "Frithiof's Saga," by Tegner; the Danish "King René's Daughter;" and the German "Nathan the Wise," by Lessing. Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt also propose to issue a translation of Dr. Carl Friedrich Neumann's "History of the United States of America," a work that has lately attracted the attention of the press among us, and has done more for the diffusion of correct views of American institutions in Europe than any book since that of De Tocqueville. It is undertaken by an American scholar of well-known acquirements, and will form three volumes octavo.

—Professor Masson has signaled the commencement of his Edinburgh academical career by a lecture on "Milton." It may be taken as a sign that he is still occupied with the subject of his great unfinished work on the life, times, and writings of that poet, the first volume of which appeared some eight or ten years since, without any subsequent hints of further progress. Among other facts he mentioned that Milton had carefully studied the Scriptures and the early British history with the object of discovering what subject afforded the greatest capabilities for a poem, and had selected no fewer than one hundred subjects from which to choose one for his great work, and amongst those taken from Scottish history was Macbeth, which he thought a possible subject to be treated even after Shakespeare. Prof. Masson's theory of the composition of "Paradise Lost" is that it was dictated bit by bit—a few lines a day—to any person who might call upon Milton. He entirely repudiates the charming domestic fictions of "Mary Powell" and "Deborah's Diary," which, thanks to Miss Manning's Defoe-like talent for giving an appearance of reality to fiction, bid fair to be mistaken for real history. On the contrary, the picture of "Milton dictating to his Daughters," who sit "rapt and reverential," he considers pure fantasy, and asserts that they pawned his books, wished him dead, and conducted themselves generally in the most uncomfortable manner possible. As Prof. Masson has carefully studied every existing particle of evidence relating to Milton, his opinion is no doubt worthy of confidence.

—The recent death of Miss Frederika Bremer will recall strongly to readers of twenty-two years' standing the lively sensation that was excited when her works first made people realize that the frozen North sheltered in its icy bosom men and women of flesh and blood akin to ourselves—actuated by the same little round of loves, jealousies, rivalries, affections, and pretensions as our own. The combination of the great truths common to human nature with scenes and manners strange and unfamiliar gave a piquancy to her writings that was enhanced by the quick feminine eye for character, quiet humor, and capacity for the expression of deep feeling that gave Miss Bremer a high place among contemporary female writers. She was fortunate in owing her introduction to the English reading public to Mary Howitt, by whom her novels were translated from the German versions. They are still read, and retain their place among the world's standard works of fiction. Miss Bremer was born in 1802. After the immediate success of her novels, the latter portion of her life seems to have been as rambling and unsettled as its first half was retired and sedentary. She wrote and published books of travel in Germany, England, America, Greece, and Italy, scarcely to the increase of the reputation she had already obtained. To a stranger, few traces of the celebrated authoress were discernible in the outward appearance of the quiet, homely, and "dowdy" little lady who will be remembered as a visitor to the United States some fifteen years since, and who left a genial impression among all who penetrated beneath the exterior so as to become really acquainted with her.

—The new and greatly enlarged edition of Mr. Ferguson's "History of Architecture in all Countries" shows the progress recently made by the rising study of ethnology—in his words, "though the youngest, neither the least beautiful nor the least attractive of that fair sisterhood of sciences whose birth has rewarded the patient industry and inflexible love of truth which characterizes the philosophy of the present day." The work is preceded by and based upon a view of "Ethnography as applied to Architectural Art." This affords an excellent and powerfully written synopsis of the results of the science as respects the inherent differences in the religion, government, morals, literature, arts, and sciences of each existing race in the world's history. Mr. Ferguson varies slightly from the most generally received authorities by reckoning among the great primary stems of mankind—the Turanian, Semitic, and Aryan—the Celts, as a people distinguished by peculiarities so strongly marked, particularly in art and literature, as to constitute them a separate and distinct family. In its improved shape "The History of Architecture" will be more than double the dimensions of Mr. Ferguson's former book, for some time out of print, "The Hand-Book of Architecture," and is the most general and complete view of the science in

our language. The indefatigable author gives a sketch of the remaining books that would be necessary to constitute the full and exhaustive treatment of the subject. They are an "Index of Buildings," or *catalogue raisonné* of all the remarkable structures in the world, with particulars of their date, style, architect, etc.; a "New Parallel of Architecture," in about ten volumes, small folio, representing on the same scale the most striking examples of the different styles applied to similar uses; a popular "History of Military Architecture" among the nations of antiquity, the Middle Ages, and modern times; and the "History of Civil Engineering," which should include the great works, aqueducts, bridges, etc., where utility rather than beauty becomes the guiding principle of construction.

—A report to the Belgian Minister of the Interior, by Messrs. Van Beneden and Dupont, furnishes additional information regarding the curious researches in the primeval history of the human family that now occupy so large a portion of the attention of the scientific world. These gentlemen, who have long been engaged in the pursuit, have been rewarded by the discovery of what may be considered a model cave-dwelling on the banks of the river Lesse. It is described as well lighted, traversed by a spring, easy of access, and its situation most picturesque, in short, presenting every requisite of a "desirable family mansion" for our troglodytic ancestors. The evidences of occupation presented by this cavern are most numerous and important. The materials of the various stone implements found in immense numbers, fragments of minerals, flints, jet, sharks' teeth, etc., show that the inhabitants must have enjoyed extended commercial relations with other portions of Europe. Judging from the quantity of bones found in the cavern, the principal food of the cave-dwellers must have been horse-flesh, as the teeth of more than forty horses were found. The bones of the water-rat, badger, hare, boar, show that variety in diet was studied. The fore-arm of an elephant or mammoth found in the same dwelling is regarded by the discoverer rather as a fetish or idolatrous charm placed near the hearth, in the same manner as still practised by some African nations. The worked flints, in various stages of manufacture, collected are more than thirty thousand. The cave appears to have been abandoned so suddenly that the inhabitants left behind them their tools, ornaments, and the remains of their meals. According to M. Dupont's theory, this must have arisen from the approach of the sudden inundation which covered the whole of Belgium and Northern France, and swept away that generation of the cave people. Immediately after they had left it, the roof and sides of the cave fell in, the pieces detached covering the floor and thus preserving the remains from the action of the waters undisturbed to the present day. The writer reconstructs from the materials at hand, whose evidence seems incontrovertible, a striking picture of the condition and habits of the early races of men in Belgium, a state that seems to have prevailed over the greater part of Europe. The remaining unsettled point of investigation is the ancestral relation held by these primitive populations to the present race of man. It will need more extensive discoveries of human remains than have yet been made, for its final settlement.

—A help to students of etymology and philology, in any European language, of great value is furnished by the new "Sanskrit-English Dictionary" of Dr. Theodore Benfey, just published by Messrs. Longman & Co. Professor H. H. Wilson's "Sanskrit Lexicon" has hitherto been the only existing work of the kind. Its rarity and high price confined it to a small number of scholars, and the thirty years that have elapsed since its publication have increased the knowledge of the language so that it was not in all respects equal to the present standard of science. Prof. Wilson's "Lexicon" was in a large quarto volume, lately worth from £12 to £15. Dr. Benfey's "Dictionary" is published in an octavo of 1,200 pages, at the moderate price of £2 12s. 6d. It contains references to the best editions of Sanskrit authors, also etymologies and comparisons of cognate words, chiefly in Greek, Latin, Gothic, and Anglo-Saxon.

—The Oxford University Press is following up its splendid variorum edition of the "Wycliffite Early English Versions of the Bible" (which ranks, in the words of Honorable George P. Marsh, as "the golden book of English philology") by the publication of the other writings of the English Reformer. A plan has been proposed to and favorably entertained by the delegates for bringing out the most important of his works with all the aids of scholarly editorship. As a preparation necessary for the execution of this project, a "Catalogue of the Original Works of John Wyclif" has been prepared and printed by Dr. Shirley, University professor of ecclesiastical history. This list furnishes a vivid idea of the toils to be undergone by any editor of the works of a mediæval author who undertakes his task in a conscientious spirit. The number of Wyclif's writings still extant, enumerated by Dr. Shirley, after weeding from the list spurious and wrongly attributed books, is ninety-six in Latin and sixty-five in English.

The most important manuscripts of these treatises are spread abroad over Europe. The most valuable and interesting collection of them is in the Imperial Library at Vienna. Two libraries at Prague, in Bohemia, also contain rich materials, as well as the Imperial Library at Paris, and several of the university and cathedral libraries in England, so that the editorial function in the case of Wyclif must be anything rather than a sedentary one. To preserve from oblivion and destruction the stirring words that he used to awaken the dormant moral consciousness of the nation, is a debt England owes to the first of her band of reformers, and, though an undertaking of great labor and expense, it appears to be in a fair train for performance.

—It is strange that the prevailing fashion of translating Homer has not led before now to the production of a good modern library edition of the original text, with English notes, etc., presenting in a moderate compass as much critical disquisition as was necessary for the elucidation of the author, without overwhelming him beneath a mass of comment in the German style. Such an edition has long been a desideratum. It will probably now be supplied by the new volume of the "Bibliotheca Classica," a series of classical texts in course of publication in England, edited by various scholars, under the direction of Prof. George Long. It contains "The Iliad of Homer, Books I. to XII., with English Notes, by F. A. Paley, M.A.," whose editions of "The Greek Tragedians," "Hesiod," etc., in the same series, have been received with great favor. A similar volume, now in preparation, will complete the "Iliad."

—A new issue of the "English Cyclopædia" is announced, accompanied by supplements "bringing up to the most recent period every accession of knowledge connected with the rapid progress in geographical and scientific discovery, and embracing all the most desirable and important facts in regard to history and biography, and tracing in due order the changes of public affairs, either commercial, legal, or social." These supplements will be appended to each division in which the "Cyclopædia" is published—geography, natural history, biography, and arts and sciences. They will be prepared under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Knight, the original editor of the "Penny Cyclopædia," a recasting and revision of which work forms the "English Cyclopædia."

—Messrs. Rivington & Co. announce for speedy publication an "Annotated Book of Common Prayer," produced on an enlarged scale of critical research and comment, more thorough than any previous work of the kind, and worthy of the present state of liturgical knowledge, useful alike to the clergy and the laity. It is edited by the Rev. John Blunt, assisted by various writers of eminence. It will be carefully printed from the "Sealed Book." The original texts of all parts that have been derived from ancient sources, both Latin and old English, will be set side by side with the English of the Prayer Book. It will also contain historical ritual and expository foot-notes, separate essays on important subjects, historical introductions to each division of the Prayer Book, and illustrations of the last revision from the MSS. of Bishop Cosin and Archbishop Sanicroft.

PHILOSOPHY IN POETRY.*

IN the summer or autumn of 1589, Edmund Spenser, of Kilcolman, gentleman, was honored by a visit from Sir Walter Raleigh, whose acquaintance he had made some eight or nine years before when he was a captain in the army under Lord Grey of Wilton, whose secretary Spenser was. The particulars of the visit have not come down to us, except the single one that Master Edmund read to his good friend Sir Walter the first three books of "The Faerie Queene," which, or a portion of which, he had written as many as ten years before, and shown to his pedantic friend Gabriel Harvey, who liked them not. Sir Walter, however, was so taken with the poem, and so desirous of presenting its maker to the Queen, that he persuaded him to return with him to England for that purpose, which he was not loath to do, we may suppose, since he had, for a poet, rather a keen eye to the main chance. They arrived in England before the autumn was over, and the bard of fairyland was introduced to the famed Gloriana and her bevy of noble court dames, as well as the chief poets and scholars of the day. How long he remained in England cannot be definitely ascertained, but long enough to taste the bitterness of hope deferred, and to incur the dislike of my Lord Burleigh, who held such "metre ballad-mongers" as he in contempt, and who conveniently forgot for a time to pay him the one hundred pounds

which the munificent Gloriana had commanded to be given him. He was back at Kilcolman in December, 1591, not enriched as he had expected, but with a pension of fifty pounds a year, which, with what he already possessed, in the shape of his Irish estate, was enough to keep the wolf from his door, and to entice the muses to his bower. The first thing that he did after his return was to write a pastoral poem descriptive of his voyage to England, his sojourn there, and its results, which he forthwith despatched to Raleigh, the letter which accompanied it, and which was printed before it four years later by way of dedication, being dated from his house at Kilcolman the 27th of December, 1591. Such, in brief, are the circumstances which led Spenser to write his "Colin Clout's Come Home Again."

So, at least, Spenser's biographers say, and it is to be presumed, knowing what Dryasdusts most of them are—Todd in particular—that they took some pains to arrive at the truth. They were mistaken, however, we now learn, or rather are taught, for whether we learn or no depends upon the amount of credulity which may have been infused into our compositions. Not that our writer disputes the facts we have stated—so far as we remember, he does not—but he maintains that the poem in question is not, and was not meant to be, a record of these facts. "The pastoral," he says, "entitled 'Colin Clout's Come Home Again,' was not designed to refer in the remotest degree to Queen Elizabeth; but the poem agrees, 'with truth in circumstance and matter' (as the dedication reads), with a mental journey by the poet himself, in the very spirit of Christianity, into what may be called the spiritual world—the Arcadia of the ancient poets; where the poet meets with the mystic Queen of Arcadia, the object of so much passionate devotion by a long succession of *spirituelle* poets, who, under the guise of addressing some Delia or Celia, or Lilia, Phœbe, Daphne, or Chloe, have cloaked a love which, because not generally recognized, except as addressed to some veritable woman, has been usually regarded as having no other object than woman; who, indeed, may become the true object of love, as represented in the drama of King René's Daughter, where her beauty and perfection are seen in the light of what must be called, for the sake of truth, divine love." This is a tolerably clear statement of his views, and had he rested his case upon them and the poem as a whole, instead of going over the latter and attempting to explain its details, he would have acted more wisely than he has done; for there is enough apparent plausibility in his "glittering generalities" to recommend them to the sentimental taste of a certain class of readers who regard poetry as a divine art, and poets as the most spiritual of mankind. That such has been the opinion of some few of the poets themselves we have reason to think, though it is not easy in these matters to tell where poetic pretence ends, and real belief begins.

The story of "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," as Spenser's biographers understand it, may be briefly summed up as follows: Colin, who is Spenser himself, is piping one day among his fellow-shepherds, when Hobbinal, who is supposed to be Gabriel Harvey, asks him to relate what befel him in his late voyage. He begins by telling them of the visit of Raleigh, whom he very aptly names the Shepherd of the Ocean, and how they sang ditties in emulation—he, in allegorical fashion, of the Mulla and the Bregog, two rivers which seem to have flowed near his place at Kilcolman; and Raleigh how "Cynthia, the Lady of the Sea," had debarred him from her presence. This done, he describes the voyage from Ireland to England, and, in answer to the questions of Cuddy, contrasts the two countries, to the disadvantage of the former. Then follows an account of his being presented to Queen Elizabeth, whose personal appearance is, of course, bepraised, after which sundry of the minor poets are mentioned, and several noble court ladies.

On being asked why he ever left the place, since he had found such grace

"With Cynthia and all her noble crew."

Colin launches into a long description of the dangers that await simple shepherds in a court-life, which he paints as full of guile and deceit, after which he wanders off into a long rhapsody on love, and a reminiscence of his first flame, Rosalind, with whose praise the poem abruptly terminates.

How our author regards it as a whole we have shown above; let us see, now, what he makes out of its details. *Imprimis*, the shepherds of the poem are Shepherds of Arcadia, who are honest men, and sometimes poets, and are supposed to be true to Nature, their sovereign mistress. Their so-called "oaten pipe" is a figure for their musical or harmonious spirits. The Shepherd of the Ocean, who finds Colin by the banks of the Mulla, is the Spirit of Truth, and the ocean referred to is the great Ocean of Life, out of which there comes to some favored mortals, from time to time, a certain spirit here personified as a Strange Shepherd. The Mulla and the Bregog mean the true and the false in life, and what we had imagined was a mere poetic wedding of the two as rivers is a mystical account of the birth of man; Old Mole, the mountain-source of the Mulla, is a figure for Nature as the mother of all

* Spenser's Poem, entitled Colin Clout's Come Home Again, Explained; with Remarks upon the Amoretti Sonnets, and also upon a few of the Minor Poems of other early English Poets. By the author of "Remarks on the Sonnets of Shakespeare," to which this volume is designed as a companion. New York: James Miller. 1865.

things, and figures, also, the father, who becomes visible in a mystic sense in the mother. The Allo, or Broadwater, who should have been the husband of the fair Mulla, signifies the universal life, to which individual life-streams, in the providence of God, were destined, the union being compared to a marriage, as it is in Scripture. The wedding of Mulla and Bregog represents our mother Eve as eating the fatal apple. The great stones which Old Mole rolled down upon Bregog, when the marriage was made known to him, indicate solid principles by which the false is destroyed; and, finally, for a little of this sort of thing goes a great way, Cynthia, the Queen of the poem, is Truth itself; or Truth and Reason, if the reader chooses, for the two will be found together bathing in the mystic love-bath!

Such is the scheme of this astonishing pastoral, so far as we can get at it through the rather muddy commentary of its present editor, who is not always consistent with himself, though as much so, we dare say, as we have any right to expect in an expounder of the hermetic philosophy. We have not the pleasure of knowing what the hermetic philosophy is, but from the glimpse we have obtained of its method of interpreting poetry, it must be as large as it is indefinite, which is saying a great deal. To our ignorant comprehension, the faculty of finding books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and so forth, is nothing to it. It is expansive enough to embrace all other systems of philosophy, falsely so-called, and profound enough to fathom all mysteries, be they never so cunningly concealed. It can put arrow-head inscriptions, cuneiform characters, hieroglyphics, into the writing of to-day, and can put the writing of to-day into these ancient scribblements. It turns fact into fiction and fiction into fact so bewilderingly that one is at a loss to know which is which. Or, to borrow an illustration from the race-course, it displays such sleight of hand in shifting the pen of truth under the thimbles of fancy, that only the player knows where the little joker lies. In the present game it strikes us as being pretty equally distributed through the volume, the volume itself being the joke.

AGRICULTURE IN ITALY.*

THIS volume, a quarto of nearly 300 pages, with several maps and plans, is an official report on the improvement of flooded and wet lands, on the rice-grounds, and on irrigation in the kingdom of Italy. It contains many important statistical details, most of which are presented in a condensed form, in tables appended to the text, and other interesting information is to be gathered from the separate returns of the prefects of the different provinces.

The total continental and insular surface of the kingdom, excluding, of course, the Austro-Italian provinces and the States of the Church, amounts to about sixty-four millions of acres, or one hundred thousand square miles. Upon a rough comparison, then, we may say that the kingdom of Italy is about once and a half as large as New England, about equal to New York and Pennsylvania taken together, little more than half as large as California, considerably less than half the size of Texas, and but one twenty-ninth part as extensive as the United States of America.

The great lakes occupy a surface of rather less than half a million acres. About 925,000 acres are covered with small lakes, shallow pools, and other stagnating waters, more than half of which, it is thought, could be drained with advantage. The extent of originally boggy and marshy lands is estimated at 1,300,000 acres, of which 500,000 have been already reclaimed, and 200,000 are in process of improvement by draining.

The soil devoted to the growth of rice amounts to 450,000 acres. Of these grounds, about two-thirds are flooded at pleasure from perennial streams; the remainder being supplied from reservoirs of rain water and other sources qualified as "adventitious." It is a fact of interest, that not more than one-tenth part of the rice-grounds of Italy lie south of the parallel of forty-four degrees north latitude, while in the United States little rice is grown north of the thirty-fifth degree. In other words, the southern limit of profitable cultivation of this grain in Italy is nine degrees, or six hundred miles, north of the northern limit of the same branch of agriculture in the United States. This difference is by no means due wholly to climatic causes; for, though the summer temperature of our Atlantic and Valley States would not admit much extension of rice culture northwards, there is nothing in the climate of Italy to prevent the growth of rice in any part of the peninsula, except in the mountainous districts. The cause of the difference lies in the special geographical character of Northern, Central, and Southern Italy respectively. In the former division, there is a far greater extent of gently sloping plain, admitting easy flooding, and therefore suited to the cultivation of rice, than

in the two latter, and the Alps and the northern scarp of the Apennines afford much more abundant supplies of water than the middle and southern ridges of the latter chain. Besides, rice culture would be much more prejudicial to health in Southern than in Northern Italy, and the habits of the population are less favorable to so severe and disagreeable a branch of agricultural industry in the former than in the latter provinces.

The regularly irrigated lands in the Italian kingdom already amount to not less than 3,350,000 acres, or more than five thousand two hundred square miles. The Canal Cavour, now very near completion, will add 350,000 square miles to this quantity, and numerous other canals for the same purpose are in course of construction, or, at least, projected with prospect of success. It is computed that in Lombardy a proper supply of water increases the annual product of lands by about twenty dollars per acre at the present prices of agricultural growths. There are few crops which are not irrigated when the means are at hand, and even chestnut, walnut, and forest trees are not unfrequently watered, with manifest advantage. In the Alps irrigation is carried up to the very foot of the glaciers, and on the southern slope of those mountains water is applied to meadows which lie further northward than the city of Montreal and higher than the highest peak of the White Mountains. About half the Italian rice-fields are supplied with water by means of artificial canals, often large enough for boats of considerable burden, and furnishing a great amount of power for driving machinery; the residue are flowed by small conduits from rivers, reservoirs, springs, and wells. There is in Italy unquestionably a very great extent of soil valuable for pasturage and the growth of timber, but too rugged and broken in surface for irrigation, and there are large districts which have no means of obtaining sufficient water. There are also regions where, from the constitution of the superficial and the sub-soil, from peculiarities of local climate, and from other circumstances, irrigation is neither practised nor needed, and some of the lands of this description sell at high prices; but, in Italian husbandry generally, water is almost as necessary as solar heat to profitable agriculture. The stimuli of necessity and of profit are encouraging great efforts for the extension of the system of irrigation, and in all probability the day is not very far distant when the current of every spring and brook and river in Italy will have been at least once utilized for irrigation, for hydraulic machinery, or for navigation.

A very considerable proportion of the Italian peninsula and islands being covered by barren mountains, and much of the lowlands being so unhealthy as to be scarcely habitable, the amount of land which can be made to produce food for man or for domestic animals, or vegetable growths required for other human use, is relatively small, and the twenty-two millions of souls that compose the population must draw their nourishment from an extent of territory which seems insignificant to eyes familiar with the vast expansion of our own arable soil. Hence, while the wages of the farm-laborer are low, probably not much exceeding on the average a franc a day, without board, the price of land is high, and it is only under exceptional circumstances that he who inherits no patrimony can hope to own the smallest portion of the soil he tills. The landed proprietors of Italy, like those of France, are tenacious of their acres, and sales of real estate are much less common in those countries than in our own, where lands and houses pass from hand to hand almost as readily as personal property. So rare are transfers of land in Italy, in fact, that a stranger can gather from his own observation or from personal enquiry very little information as to the current market value of real estate. The report under consideration attempts to give from local returns the average prices of meadow and arable ground, and, in many cases, of woods, vineyards, heaths, and marshes in each province. The range of discrepancy in price between dry and irrigable land is very great; for while in some situations pastures or meadows without water are not worth more than twenty or over ten dollars an acre, there are irrigated lands which command not less than six hundred dollars an acre. I do not refer to market garden grounds in the immediate vicinity of large towns, or vineyards planted with favorite growths, which are sold at fancy prices, but to lands devoted to ordinary cultivation. Besides original character of soil and convenience to high roads and markets, the value of irrigated lands is much affected by the quality and usual temperature of the water supplied to them. A warm rivulet, which brings down and deposits vegetable slime or enriching mineral substances, may double or even decuple the price of the land it waters, while cold glacier streams, charged with silicious sediment, add very little to the price of the soil over which they are conducted. So far as the writer of this notice can judge from the returns before him and from a good deal of enquiry, he thinks that lands of the same relative value as those which compose the bulk of New England and New York farming grounds are worth in Italy from seventy-five to two hundred and fifty dollars an acre. Marshes often have but a nominal value, but

* "Relazione al Ministro di Agricoltura, Industria e Commercio sulle Bonificazioni, Risole ed Irrigazioni del Regno d'Italia, per Raffaele Pareto." Milano. 1865. 4to.

where they are suited for producing the basket-willow, canes, certain species of reeds, rushes, and other aquatic or semi-aquatic plants, they sometimes sell as high as good arable soil.

G. P. M.

GOVERNMENT, AND OUR GOVERNMENT.*

THE plan and contents of the volume before us are as follows: After a brief introduction, the general subject of the Origin and Constitution of Government is discussed, in seven chapters, comprising nearly half the volume. As to its origin, the following theories are examined:

1. Government originates in the right of the father to govern his child. 2. It originates in convention, and is a social compact. 3. It originates in the people, who, collectively taken, are sovereign. 4. It springs from the spontaneous development of nature. 5. It is from the immediate and express appointment of God. 6. From God through the Pope, as visible head of the spiritual society. 7. From God through the people. 8. From God through the natural law.

These several theories are learnedly discussed, and with unusual strength and fairness. Rejecting the first five as insufficient, and even erroneous, and passing the sixth (which derives government from God through the Pope) with a qualification, our author leads through the seventh, which comes nearly right, to the eighth, which he holds to be the true conclusion, and states, succinctly, to be, that the right to govern, or political authority, is derived by the collective or organic people from God through the natural law. This is Dr. Brownson's fundamental position, from which he argues, ingeniously, in favor of legitimate governments, whether monarchical or republican, and against all manner of rebellion against constituted, as distinguished from usurped, authority. Proceeding from this point, he declares the constitution of every people to be twofold—the constitution of the state, and the constitution of the government. The latter is the written declarative instrument, the former antecedent and unwritten, and, as our author calls it, providential, out of which the latter must grow, or to which, at least, it must be exactly fitted, or be worthless. This unwritten constitution—which is something like what Coleridge calls the "ideal contract," to which, he says, "the real and formal state contract, the bill of rights, for instance," stands related "as a sort of *est demonstrandum* in politics"—belongs to a nation, as an organism, and is exemplified by the individual physical constitution, to which, as it has grown up, and as it is in point of fact, every code or written constitution for its physical or moral regulation must correspond, or be impertinent and useless. Necessarily and prominently connected with this idea is that of "solidarity of race," which Dr. Brownson strongly asserts, discriminating between "pure individualism on the one hand, and pure socialism or humanitarianism on the other," but utterly rejecting Kossuth's notion of a "solidarity of peoples," as "a falsehood destructive of all government and of all political organization." Of Kossuth, Mazzini, and Garibaldi, it may be added in passing, Dr. Brownson speaks with almost angry contempt, as of men of "nefarious designs and mad dreams," and as "inflicting on us the deep humiliation of their congratulations."

The reader is thus brought to the consideration of the Constitution of the United States, the sources of our national sovereignty, the relations of the General and State Governments, the causes of the rebellion, and the questions arising from reconstruction. Dr. Brownson believes our constitution of government to be quite a perfect adaptation to the antecedent or unwritten constitution of the state. He now denies the doctrine of State sovereignty, as he held it for more than thirty years, and up to the time when the logical consequence of false opinions on this subject plunged us into war in 1861. Indeed, he rejects the term State sovereignty as historically improper, holding that the original States never exercised sovereign powers, and could not, therefore, be said to have ceded them. They declared and won their independence jointly, not severally, having been alike colonies of one mother country, and have existed and exercised sovereignty since as States sovereign only in their union. This of itself—if proven—as Dr. Brownson justly observes, is decisive of the whole question involved. He goes still further, and declares that the States, so far from ceding to the general or central Government any portion of their sovereignty, derived all their capacity in this respect from the Union, and became, by the consent and act of the Government, co-ordinate powers. Moreover, the "instinct of unity" in the people has twice rejected the false notion of an original or pre-obligatory State sovereignty—in 1787, when the Articles of Confederation were exchanged for the Constitution; and in 1861, when this groundless preten-

sion, having rejected constitutional adjudication, was put down by force of arms, and for ever.

So far, we can substantially agree with our author. In the more particular considerations, opinions, and applications which follow, however, he will encounter much diversity of opinion, and will probably fail to reason the "instinct" of the people into an accordance with his views, or to convince them that the principles for which they have been contending are identical with those by which the governments of King Bomba, or the Pope, or the Kaiser, or Napoleon, are defended and maintained. This disagreement will not arise from intolerance of the opinion expressed by Dr. Brownson upon slavery, that it was not the main cause of the war; or upon negro suffrage, that it is inexpedient, and should be left to the decision of the several States; or upon the acts of the Government, that they were illegal, or extra-constitutional; or upon the course of the Executive in reconstruction, that it was a blunder. Nor will it come from the mere fact of his assertion that the American democracy is properly a territorial rather than an individual democracy; or that the war was a conflict between these two forms of opinion; or from the somewhat fanciful notion that the seceded States committed political suicide, and being dead to the Union must be somehow galvanized or raised up into organic life again; nor, indeed, upon the statement that the great danger of the times is from the preponderance of the humanitarian (in other words, abolitionist) feeling of the Northern people. All these opinions and assertions will find sympathy and acceptance somewhere, and, however erroneous they may be, will not separately provoke a definite and desperate antagonism.

After asserting the doctrines of an unwritten and imperative constitution, and of a "solidarity of race," to which, in its organism, our Constitution belongs, by a natural order, Dr. Brownson proceeds, as already stated, to assert that nationality is always territorial, and never personal, and that this is eminently true of the American system. From these positions he derives the opinion, that the people of the United States are represented in its Government *not as individuals, but as States*. While this opinion enables Dr. Brownson to form a consistent theory as to the reconstruction of the States, and affords him ground for his disapproval of the course of the Government in that respect, it is difficult to see how we can ever hope to answer the arguments of the secessionists under it, or to satisfy those popular "instincts of unity" which have so often proved superior to theories. Although it may be true that a majority of our soldiers did not know precisely, or philosophically, what they were fighting for, as Dr. Brownson asserts, yet there was a sufficient *practical* apprehension of the issues involved in the mind of the people that furnished the soldiery, and, in a large measure, composed it. And although there may be no such thing as nationality, strictly speaking, without territory as well as population, yet common sense assures us that it is the man who makes the territory, and not the territory the man. If the abolition of slavery was not the conscious object of the Unionists in the late national vindication, it is certain that their object was still less the defence of the territorial idea against the popular idea. Dr. Brownson asserts that this was the only issue—it was the territorial democracy, on the part of the Unionists, against the popular or individual-rights democracy, on the part of the secessionists. We apprehend that the sense of the people and the verdict of history will reverse this assertion. The people of the United States had, indeed, no notion of parting with the common territory; but those who fought the battle fought it for their brethren, and for their brethren's rights, trampled on with theirs. Nothing is more demonstrable than that the Southern rebellion was *not* a popular movement—all Dr. Brownson's sophisms to the contrary notwithstanding. It was the struggle of an aristocracy to sustain itself—of an aristocracy numbering less than half a million, which had appropriated both the territory and its twelve millions of inhabitants, holding the whole in vassalage by superior knowledge and skill.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.*

It is, perhaps, in vain to question the desirableness and value of the modern army of illustrated books and journals. It is, perhaps, better to bow—except in the most private and unspoken meditation—to the inevitable tendency of the time, and try to make the best of it. And the question being dismissed whether we want an illustrated weekly at all, we are left to consider what an illustrated weekly, existing, ought to be. During the war it was plain what an American illustrated weekly ought to be—a newspaper giving news in a way in which the dailies could not give it. There was then no doubt what the people wanted most to be told, and just

* "The American Republic: Its Constitution, Tendencies, and Destiny. By O. A. Brownson, LL.D." New York: P. O'Shea. 1866.

* "Harper's Weekly. A Journal of Civilization. Vol. IX., for the year 1865." New York: Harper & Bros.

as little what they ought to be told in pictures. Now that peace is come, there is more doubt about it. It is not just to blame the conductors of an illustrated weekly for the dulness of their journal, unless one is prepared to show how a constant succession of interesting subjects for cuts can be obtained at the rate, be it remembered, of from ten to twenty per week.

During the war, *Harper's Weekly*, as an illustrated diary of events, was of great importance. There was constant elucidation, by means of its woodcuts, of matter which to most stayers-at-home needed elucidation. There were, especially during the last two years of the war, many very accurate, interesting, and useful representations of scenes in the camp and in the field. If the people at home studied these with any care, they must have learned much from them which it was well they should know.

According to the almost universal testimony of officers, so far as we have heard it given, the best illustrated record of the war was in the pages of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. There was, indeed, in the pictures of that journal extreme carelessness of execution and a common disregard of artistic effect and of beauty; in comparison, the *Harper's Weekly* cuts were delicate and highly finished. But this defect was more than compensated by the more purely military character of the illustrations. For the gratification of those who followed and loved the trade of arms, Frank Leslie's paper was the best suited.

But in almost all other respects the journal whose name stands at the head of this article is the better. It is particularly fortunate in the frequent appearance in its columns of the spirited and original designs of Mr. Thomas Nast. Not that Mr. Nast has confined his talent to this one weekly; his work is to be seen in many places. He contributed the single ray of light by which *Mrs. Grundy* shone for awhile. He works a great deal and works well, and we wish him better engraving than is generally vouchsafed him. But it is in the volumes of *Harper's Weekly* for 1863, 1864, and 1865 that his most numerous and, on the whole, most powerful and patriotic and poetical designs have appeared. This source of interest is one which does not stop with the return of peace. If every number of the paper should have a Nast design with the regularity with which *Punch* once presented weekly a Leech cartoon, the paper would be oftener bought without examination.

But, otherwise, the piping times of peace are hard times for the special artist. Views of new buildings, interiors of ball-rooms, panoramas of horse fairs, and pictures borrowed from the better furnished European illustrated papers, take up too many of the pages; so that the latter half of the volume for 1865 is notably inferior in interest to what had gone before. There are good pictures, though, among the less good ones. For instance, "Shipwrecked Passengers and Crew of Brig *Titanic*" on the raft made of two spars lashed together to make a V, and planks secured across the opening between them, at the base of the triangle; a whale lying alongside, as a whale really did lie, for twenty-four hours—that is a good picture, which we are glad to see, and Captain Frame has done us good by making the sketch and sending it. It would seem that more such veritable-seeming and instructive pictorial narratives might be procured. As it is, there are few which one cares to see again, now the war is over, except the portraits; and these, though often very good (as in the cases of Gen. Grant, p. 772, and Mayor Hoffman, page 801), have this common defect, that people who need them most, that is, who do not know the persons represented, never can rely upon their faithfulness.

Of course there is much left to be desired in the execution of the woodcuts—we may even say a radical change—so that the subjects shall be all worth the pictures, the drawings shall all be accurate and careful, the wood blocks selected with some reference to the quality of the wood and skilfully engraved, the printing of the cuts done as well as it can be at the necessary speed. But also, of course, this is by no means to be hoped for. We have no doubt the conductors find it difficult to get their work done even as well as it is done at present. It is hard to get skilled workmen in any department of labor here in America, where various other pursuits pay better or are thought to pay better than labor. It would, probably, be quite impossible to get the illustrated work of a weekly journal as well done in New York as that of the *Illustrated London News*; and yet we are not accustomed to think the latter a model of what an illustrated paper should be. It is probable that improvements could be made in the New York journal, but there would be great difficulties attending them.

It is to be regretted that there are not more of our artists who are willing to make designs for wood engraving and for a weekly. There are many painters living and annually exhibiting in New York who would appear to much better advantage in black and white, and in the comparatively imperfect medium of wood-engraving, than they do in color and on canvas. It is, perhaps, even more to be desired for their own sakes than for the sake of the periodicals that they should consent to help the latter. These would

not at first show so great improvement as would the artists themselves. But after a little practice and considerable gain in facility, the new recruits would benefit decidedly the weekly.

The only real blots upon the character of *Harper's Weekly* as an illustrated journal are the "Comicalities" on the last page of the several numbers. These, if selected from *Punch* as they often are, and nearly always without acknowledgment, are invariably spoiled in the reproduction; if original, are seldom witty or amusing, and never even tolerably drawn. The character of the journal would at once be raised if they were omitted.

After all, it is not as an illustrated journal that *Harper's Weekly* is most worthy of respect. It is singular, by the way, that the title, long as it is, nowhere mentions illustrations. It is rather the fashion for pictorial papers to announce that they are so, in plain English, or French, or German, or Yankee. But *Harper's Weekly* makes no such announcement of itself. And, in accordance with this reticence, we find indeed that the written words are better than the pictured thought. The short editorial essays of the second and third pages of each number are admirable. They stand with the very best newspaper writing of the time, American or European. In political discussion especially they are models of popular treatment of difficult topics, always on the right side, always clear and independent, always well put. The title "A Journal of Civilization" is well worn by so potent a civilizer, and friend and advocate of human progress.

THE PILGRIM'S WALLET.*

As a traveller, Mr. Gilbert Haven has many merits, among which we may name as chief the art of telling what he has seen rather than what he went to see. He passed over a great part of Great Britain on foot ("pedestrianated" it, he says), and, being a well-read man, he knew what to look for in the leisure afforded by his method of travel. He went abroad with that generous enthusiasm for the old which most Americans feel in first visiting Europe, and he neither takes his disillusion ill-naturedly nor tries to feign that the old was all he expected to find it. He is all sorts of a pilgrim, and visits every shrine at which men worship; goes to the English lake country, and tells what it is like, and talks with the peasantry about the great poets who once haunted it, about Wordsworth, about Coleridge, about Hartley Coleridge, inevitably, and contrives, by dint of downright hard questioning, to draw something rather interesting out of those well-squeezed sources of information. The pilgrim goes also to the whereabouts of Burns, to Coventry, to Oxford, to London, to Westminster Abbey, to the Tower, to all those places, and recounts the things he heard and saw with an unfeigned frankness and an excellent simplicity. He thinks that what most surprised and entertained him will most surprise and entertain the vastly greater number of his readers; and he has not the *mauvaise honte* to refrain from speaking of a thing because literature is already vocal with it. He thus makes a book in which there is really something very fresh and authentic, and if one who has already "done" the objects of interest on which Mr. Haven dwells with so much earnestness should find him just a little tedious at times, that is the fault of the reader's previous knowledge.

The simplicity of our pilgrim is full of a curious shrewdness, which sometimes, however, fails it, and lets it lapse into actual indiscretion. This happens when he comes to tell of his visit to Mr. Tennyson, an incident which most tourists would scarcely have amplified from their note-books for the pleasure of the public. Mr. Haven, being on the poet's grounds, resolved to see him if possible. He says:

"I had loaded my gun at the village of Yarmouth, for the purpose of bringing down the shyest of game. It missed, as was not unlikely with so poor a marksman. A card accompanied a note, stating in a few words my nationality, admiration, and desire for a brief interview. I approach the door, enquire if Mr. Tennyson is at home, and am answered in the affirmative. I requested the lad to hand him the note, and soon receive the compliments of Mrs. Tennyson, with the less agreeable conclusion that Mr. Tennyson is not in. Who was right, the boy or the mistress, I had no means of learning; enough for me was the last word. Perhaps both; for he may have been 'in' bodily, and yet on some Pegasus flight; so that though in the body he was out of the body—a disembodied thought. Perhaps that 'American' was the reason of my failure—his aristocratic sympathies making him repellant of too great familiarity with the representatives of ideas that he prefers to sing rather than to practise; for quite a worshipper of titles is the author of 'Locksley Hall,' 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere,' and 'Maud.' Perhaps he was not really in; and most likely, with commendable good sense, though in, he disliked being pen-and-inked by this unknown wandering gamester from foreign shores, and did precisely what we should all be likely to do under like circumstances. Everybody hates to be made a spectacle, especially to mere curiosity-seekers; and the only right way, also a feasible way, is to get introductions from friends, that will en-

* "The Pilgrim's Wallet; or, Scraps of Travel Gathered in England, France, and Germany. By Gilbert Haven." New York: Hurd & Houghton.

sure you not merely a sight of the outer, but of the inner man; not only a sight, but a feeling; an acquaintance, perhaps an intimacy. This can be readily secured, if you have an acquaintance with any of their acquaintance; if not, you can easily follow up the trail till you strike it. A true explorer of earth or man can always, if patient and persistent, win his prize. Lack of time and opportunity prevented any further strategy to reduce this fortress of Mansoul; so I must content myself with the outer aspects—the house, the place, the landscape—which last are partakers and representatives of his innermost spirit."

We remember nothing in literature quite so delicious as this: the cheerful but not confident impudence of the resolution to see the poet; the *naïveté* of the doubt whether Mr. Tennyson was in or not; the only human resentment, on high political grounds, of a snub to individual vanity, chastised immediately by the freely expressed conviction that the snub was merited; the advice to readers how to avoid snubs of the kind; and the intimation that if he had but had time, he would have tried again to see Mr. Tennyson—is it not all perfectly exquisite? It would be very ill-natured of us not to say that this is the silliest thing in Mr. Haven's book. When he gets upon the Continent, he is not betrayed into such indiscretions, and is a very pleasant travelling-companion, sympathetic, sensible, and hearty. We like him very well on the swindling river Rhine, about which so much absurdity has got into literature. It is fine to have a man out with it and say that there is not a castle on every hill, nor, indeed, more than twenty castles on the whole romantic course of the Rhine, from Mainz to Cologne. Why could not Mr. Haven go further, and say how remarkably like potatoes patches those vine-clad heights look?

Perhaps a fair enough notion is given of Mr. Haven's style of thought and observation by the paragraph quoted. As to his spirit, it is that of an evangelical democratic American. He is shocked by Sabbath-breaking; he believes that the countries through which he travels will one day be republics, and he loves our own republic with an affection that patronizes and puts down the rest of the world, in which, however, he sees some obvious merits.

Old New York; or, Reminiscences of the Past Sixty Years. By John W. Francis, M.D., LL.D. With a Memoir of the Author, by Henry T. Tuckerman. (W. J. Widdleton, New York.)—The present edition of a discourse delivered in 1857 before the New York Historical Society is probably not the last that the public will call for. We say the public, because these reminiscences are largely of men and events by no means of local interest or local renown. Not so much, probably, by design as by the instinct of a genial, affable nature, Dr. Francis indulged very little in statistics. In the quoting of old records, or in valuable but dull attempts to fix the site of this of that ancient building, the original course and names of streets, or the dates of the multifarious changes in the aspect of Manhattan. Some readers may even be disappointed because more attention was not given to topography in particular; but when we reflect how intimate are the physician's relations with families and with individuals, we ought to expect, what we really find in this discourse, that the author's recollections of the past would be principally of persons. A glance at the index shows it, in fact, to be almost wholly an *index nominum*. The duties of his profession brought Dr. Francis in contact with all classes of society, and enriched his gossip with a singular variety. He was not exactly

—"nella chiesa co' santi,
Ed in taverna co' ghottioni."

but his friendship embraced Edmund Kean as well as Dr. Channing. With the former he obtained permission of Bishop Hobart to erect a monument over the remains of George Frederick Cooke, the actor, in the churchyard of St. Paul's, though had it been question of a mural tablet, "I hardly knew," said the bishop, "how we could find a place inside the church for him." Dr. Channing owed to the same broad-heartedness his first hearing in New York, in 1819, when all the churches were shut against him, and with difficulty at last the College of Physicians and Surgeons, on Barclay Street, was obtained for a Unitarian service. When we mention such names as Burr, Thomas Paine, Lafayette, Cobbett, Fulton, Irving, Abernethy, Macready, and omit as many more well known to fame, it will be seen that the fascinating retrospect of Dr. Francis is wider than the limits of this metropolis. Mr. Tuckerman has undertaken in the preface to add to the other portraits of the volume that of the lamented author himself. His essay has the fault, however, of unnecessary diffuseness, and is evidently rather the work of an admiring and perhaps indebted friend than of an historical artist.

Mr. Dunn Browne's Experiences in the Army. (Nichols & Noyes, Boston.)—Capt. Fiske's letters to the Springfield Republican were those of a man to whom correspondence was not (in this instance) a profession, but a recreation from the duties of the camp or field. They are not, therefore, specially valuable as a contribution to the history of military operations during the late war. To be sure, the writer, transplanted suddenly from a Connecticut pulpit to a Connecticut regiment, counted Antietam, Frederickburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg among his "experiences"; was captured also and confined in Libby Prison, and gave up his ardent life for his country in the bloody strife of the Wilderness. Yet, as he himself remarked in one of his early letters: "It is astonishing, the ignorance of us who are actually playing the soldier's part here, of what is going on around us! We cannot get any information anyhow. . . . What we see with our

own eyes is all that we can believe, as a general thing, and sometimes scarcely that." As vivid photographs of army life, as contemporary criticism on army movements and exploits, as the record of the feelings, aims, endurance, courage, patriotism of an American citizen (one out of many), this collection has a genuine and permanent value. They are written with the correctness of a man who to a liberal education had added extensive travel in foreign lands, and whose style is constantly enlivened by rare native humor. The brief sketch of his career which precedes the correspondence exhibits well his excellent qualities, and embalms the witty response which he made, on being examined for ordination, to a theologian who insisted on his declaring whether the Lord healed the man with the withered hand, or the man healed himself. "I always supposed," said the badgered candidate, "that the man had a hand in it."

Poems. By Edna Dean Proctor. (New York: Hurd & Houghton.)—The governor of this feast has not kept the best wine till the last, but has poured it out for us at once. None of the poems which we have read in this volume seem to us so good as the first, which is called "The Mississippi," and in which there is a fine feeling for description, and a sense of the poetry of the events in the history of the great river, from the time when the French priest Marquette descended its current, to those days when our victorious arms at Memphis, Vicksburg, and Port Hudson freed it at once from the dominion of slavery and rebellion. This poem is followed by others, inspired by great political and military occurrences, and marked by the same characteristics of fervent sentiment and language. Miss Proctor's civic verse is eloquent, if we may distinguish that quality from poetical. It appeals and moves as oratory does, and, coming warm upon events, has an influence not to be despised. But cooled and hardened with time, it seems to have no very pungent taste, and it reads much like old speeches. It is good of its kind, and like the vegetables which are best eaten green, would have gained nothing, probably, from being left to ripen before production in print. Its literature is always respectable, and it has doubtless carried comfort and courage to many true hearts in time of trouble. For this reason we must honor and value it; but not even for this reason can we call it poetry, nor do we find much in the non-political poems to modify the estimate in which we hold it.

Shakespeare's Mental Photographs. (Hurd & Houghton, New York; E. P. Dutton & Co., Boston.)—This is a game of character or fortune, elucidated by twenty answers to each of ten questions, making Shakespeare the oracle. Neither wit nor method is exhibited in the selection and arrangement, and persons who are driven to this amusement must be in melancholy need of diversion. As specimens of the questions may be cited for unintelligibilities—"What quality or qualities in others among you?" and for ineptitude (because addressed to an individual), "Where was, or will be, your first meeting?"

Poems. By Mrs. Anna Marie Spaulding. (New York: James Miller.)—We should be a very cruel critic, indeed, if, after reading the modest and sensitive preface to this pretty little volume, we could condemn it harshly; and we should be a very dishonest critic if, after reading the contents of the volume, we feigned to have found it a book of poetry.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE CENTENARY OF AMERICAN METHODISM. By Abel Stevens, LL.D. Carlton & Porter, New York.

THE DECLINE OF THE FRENCH MONARCHY. By Henri Martin. Translated from the Fourth Paris Edition, by Mary L. Booth. Two vols. Walker, Fuller & Co., Boston. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Subscription Edition.

NED MESGRAVE. By Theodore Hook. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. (F. A. Brady, New York.)

POEMS. By Robert Leighton. Edward Howell, Liverpool.

THE OMNIBUS. A Satire. Trübner & Co., London.

FACTS ABOUT PEAT AS AN ARTICLE OF FUEL. Compiled by T. H. Leavitt. Second Edition. Leavitt & Hunnewell, Boston.

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS RELATING TO A "CHAPLAIN'S CAMPAIGN (NOT) WITH GENERAL BUTLER," BUT IN NEW YORK. Charles Hunt, Lowell.

Science.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

FROM various sources we make the following abstract of the arguments urged in favor of the use of petroleum, or coal oil, as fuel. Although the absolute heating power of crude petroleum, or coal oil, is considerably greater than that of an equal weight of coal, it is, nevertheless, true that crude petroleum would be a much more costly fuel than coal if the combustion were equally complete, and the heat obtained could be equally well applied and utilized in the two cases. The advocates of petroleum maintain that the combustion of the oil is much more perfect than that of coal; that the heat generated can be more economically applied; and, finally, that its manifest fitness and convenience as fuel cannot fail to outweigh eventually any probable excess of cost. Petroleum is all fuel. It contains no inert and worse than useless ashes. The ash of ordinary coal is to be counted once as pure loss and tare in the weight of the coal, and yet again several times as an impediment to combustion, an obstruction which not only clogs the fire and

necessitates constant labor in removal, but also carries away all that portion of heat which has been used up in bringing it to the temperature of the fire from which it is poked out.

A coal fire always requires more air than would be necessary for the consumption of the pure fuel, and this excess of air carries up chimney a very considerable portion of heat. If from any cause the amount of air supplied to the fire be insufficient, then a part of the gases from the coal will escape combustion and go to waste as smoke. Moreover, from the very necessity of the case, coal must be burned upon a grate, through whose bars small pieces of coal are continually dropping into the ash-pit, and so are lost. Some of the hot-air engines, in which the feed-air is taken through the fire, obtain a very complete combustion. Thus, in the Union Hot-Air Engine of Mr. Shaw, it is claimed that good anthracite coal yields only nine per cent. of ashes—a quantity very close to the real percentage of ash in such coal. Twenty or thirty per cent. of ash is not uncommon from good coal beneath the boilers of steam-engines. English engineers have estimated that, of every five tons of steam coal purchased to be put on ship-board, not more than four tons are ever realized in the production of heat capable of being converted into power.

For every kind of coal and for each particular furnace there exist special conditions under which the consumption of the coal is the most economical and efficient. This remark applies to petroleum as well, and with this addition, that it is, from the very nature of the case, vastly less difficult to hit upon these precise conditions of best possible effect in the case of petroleum than in that of any coal whatsoever. For the proper combustion of petroleum, and the application of the heat obtained from it, radical changes must, of course, be made in the construction of furnaces and boilers. No one of the existing varieties of boilers or furnaces can well be altered so as to meet all the requirements of the new problem. Special appliances must be invented not only for burning the oil, but also for the immediate application or absorption of the intense heat which is generated during its combustion. The petroleum, brought into a state of vapor, must, at the point of ignition, be met by a current of air, the volume and velocity of which can be so regulated as to ensure perfection and uniformity of combustion. The presence of smoke on the one hand, and of a needless excess of air upon the other, should equally be avoided. In so far as this part of the problem is concerned, we have only to modify and improve upon the practices which have prevailed for ages in the oil regions of the Caspian Sea, where, in order to utilize petroleum as fuel, porous clay is impregnated with the combustible liquid and then thrown upon the fire. In experiments conducted at the Woolwich dock-yard, the petroleum was burned through a porous material placed in an iron chamber, which was immersed in a water-vessel also of iron. The oil rose upon the porous substance by capillary attraction, and was burned upon its surface as upon a wick.

As for the application of the heat produced, it may be said, in general terms, that boilers adapted for the economical consumption of petroleum fuel must be so contrived that a large surface of flue or tubular space may be kept constantly filled with the flame of the petroleum; the arrangements being such, that while the flame shall be brought into intimate contact with the metal of the boiler—shall be made to "lick around" the boiler, as the firemen say—there may be no impediment to the free, rapid, and regular exit of the products of the combustion, and the nitrogen of the spent air. Corresponding to the great receptive surfaces of the boiler, which shall quickly take in the intense heat of the flame, the interior of the boiler and the steam-pipes must be so constructed that there shall always be free escape for the enormous volumes of steam which will be delivered from these surfaces. As bearing upon this point, it may be mentioned that in the Woolwich experiments, the effect of the petroleum flame was so great that with a small apparatus of only two feet superficial area, which was affixed to the boiler, as much heat was utilized as would be equal for steam purposes to that obtainable from five tons of coal. The small apparatus employed in the experiments having been placed under the boiler of a seventeen horse-power engine, steam of ten pounds pressure was raised in the course of two hours. In fact, as soon as petroleum comes to be used as a steam producing fuel, it will follow as an inevitable consequence that boilers much better adapted for economizing heat than those now in use will be constructed. Another improvement which will be likely to accompany the introduction of petroleum as fuel will be a more philosophical management of the draught in all fires. The present style of chimney or smoke-flue will probably disappear altogether as an appurtenance of boiler furnaces, and draughts produced by blowers driven by steam-power will be used to replace the irregular, unmanageable, and wasteful currents which are inevitable with the chimney system now in use. Instead of sending a large amount of hot air up chimney, for the sake of thereby inducing a brisk cur-

rent of fresh air through the fire, it will be found vastly cheaper to take all the heat out of the escaping air, transfer it to the boiler, and so into steam-power, and then use, in a methodical and reasonable way, as much of this power as may be necessary to drive such fans, bellows, or other blowers, as will give the fire the necessary fresh air. This system would even now be applicable in many cases where coal is employed, though, in the case of an impure solid fuel like coal there are inherent difficulties which do not exist in the case of the liquid fuel. Wherever these power-blowers are employed in connection with boilers, the spent air and gaseous products of combustion will be so entirely under control that they may be made to circulate through and about the tanks and pipes which contain the feed-water until their temperature has been reduced to that of this water, and may be then thrown overboard, or out of the window, or into the common sewer, as may seem best, since they are now nothing more than a cold, invisible gas which may be carried off through comparatively small flues.

Steam-vessels which run short trips with intervals of rest, like ferry-boats, would advantageously use petroleum as fuel. Coal fires, though banked up, burn to great waste during these intervals of rest, but the petroleum flame could be turned down, like a gas flame, to the point at which it should be just sufficient to keep up the steam. Again, in the light steam-wagons for roads which will, assuredly, come into use in the course of the next ten years, the employment of petroleum fuel will probably be an absolute necessity. It is asserted, as a result of the Woolwich experiments, that one ton of petroleum will do as much work as five tons of coal. But, without insisting upon this strong claim, let it be admitted that petroleum possesses, weight for weight, only twice the efficient value of coal, still a war steamer using the liquid fuel could keep her station twice as long without replenishment as if she were burning coal, or she could chase or run away from an adversary twice as far. Moreover, there would be neither column of smoke nor prominent smoke-stack to attract or alarm the foe. The perfection of stowage which could be obtained with a liquid fuel is an important point in its favor. A ship using petroleum as fuel would have more room for profitable freight than a vessel of like size which should carry the coal necessary to supply an equal amount of steam-power for the same time.

It will be observed that the question as to whether or no petroleum can ever come to be used as steam fuel is in no sense one which can be settled by a mere comparison of the relative heating powers of petroleum and coal, as depending upon their chemical composition. A discussion of the actual first cost and theoretical proportionate value of petroleum and of coal will not settle the practical question. Cost is not the only consideration affecting the value and success of new inventions and processes. Porcelain costs more than pottery; the plumbing of a modern house is more expensive than the old well-sweep; in most places gas-light costs more than the same amount of light from petroleum lamps; yet these things are used.

Now, in some cases actual economy might attend the use of petroleum; but in every case there must be considered not only the capacity of each fuel to produce steam, but also the comparative rapidity and ease with which the result is effected, the amount of waste in either case, and a multitude of other incidental circumstances which have little or no connection with the theoretical power, or even the first cost of the two sources of heat.

Many of the arguments for petroleum as fuel are based upon the easy management of this fluid, as well as upon the compact nature of the apparatus in which it can be stored and used. Stokers, firemen, coal-heavers, and passers would disappear with coal, as would also a mass of dust, dirt, smut, and grime. The petroleum would be pumped out of tight barges or carts into tight tanks, whence it would flow through pipes to the fire. The engine might easily be made to regulate the supply of its own fuel—like man, to proportion its food to the work it has to do.

—In a note to the French Academy M. Boudin gives some curious statistics concerning death by lightning. In 1864 eighty-seven persons, of whom sixty-one were males and twenty-six females, were killed within the limits of France. In 1863 one hundred and three persons were killed within the same limits. M. Boudin believes that his statistics establish also the fact that at least four persons are wounded for every one killed. The mortality varies very much in the different departments of France, being thirty-three times as great in the Lozère as in the Manche. But the most curious fact is the inequality between the two sexes. From 1854 to 1864 inclusive nine hundred and sixty-seven persons were killed in France, of whom six hundred and ninety-eight were males and two hundred and sixty-nine females. This comparative immunity of females extends even to children of less than fifteen years, and is the more singular inasmuch as in a great number of cases the lightning fell upon groups of men and women together. M. Boudin

thinks that this difference is not to be explained by the assumption that more men than women work out of doors, which is hardly the case in France; he believes that there is some hidden cause yet to be discovered.

—The ordinary colorless modification of phosphorus, when kept under water in the usual way, becomes covered as is well known with a thin, opaque, white crust, commonly called white phosphorus. Concerning the nature of this white body several different opinions have been held. Baudrimont, of Paris, has recently studied this crust with care, and has arrived at the conclusion that it is neither a hydrate nor an allotropic modification of ordinary phosphorus, nor yet a result of devitrification. It is nothing but ordinary phosphorus, irregularly corroded upon its surface—roughened or ground, as it were, by the oxidizing action of the air dissolved in the water. This slow combustion is more rapid in diffused daylight than in the dark, and ceases altogether as soon as the water is completely deprived of oxygen.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NATION OFFICE, Saturday Evening,
February 3, 1866.

THE Committee of Ways and Means reported, on the 1st inst., a bill substantially the same as that which is known as the Morrill bill, empowering the Secretary of the Treasury to sell at any price, for any kind of money or securities, any quantity of United States bonds, bearing any rate of interest not over 6 per cent., and running for any number of years not over forty; authorizing him further to sell such bonds either at home or abroad, but limiting the interest payable on foreign bonds to 5 per cent., and requiring him to withdraw and destroy all Treasury notes or money received in payment of such bonds, so that no increase in the public debt can by any possibility be effected. The newspapers are full of rumors touching the probable action of Congress upon the bill. Some predict that the foreign clause will be stricken out, others that the unlimited power placed in the Secretary's hands will be somewhat curtailed, and that restriction will be laid upon the amount of bonds to be sold, the price at which they may be disposed of, and the money to be received in payment. We are led to believe that these rumors are uniformly baseless, and that Congress will adopt the measure substantially in the form in which it has been reported by the Committee. It is claimed by Mr. McCulloch's friends that nothing short of the unlimited power granted by the bill will enable him to negotiate bonds to advantage; that if he were limited either as to price, or as to amount, or as to the kind of money received in payment, speculators would traffic upon his position and defeat his aims. And it is urged, that as in our political and military crisis we cheerfully committed despotic powers to the men who controlled our political and military destinies, so now in the hour of our financial crisis we should place equal trust in the man who is set over our financial concerns. This reasoning is not satisfactory to the mercantile class, as a rule. Merchants generally object to investing on any pretext the Secretary of the Treasury for the time being with arbitrary control over the money market. It is urged, with obvious force, that the adoption of the proposed measure will lead to a series of fluctuations in prices, a succession of speculations and panics, which will prove extremely injurious to business, ruinous to individuals, and deleterious to the public morals. There is, however, very little prospect that objections to the Committee's scheme will be heeded. Were

the Secretary of the Treasury a cautious man personally he would decline to be invested with responsibilities which will infallibly lead to his being hereafter charged with being himself concerned in the speculations which are sure to grow out of his policy. With such power as the bill gives him, Mr. McCulloch might easily make a million a month. And though no one who knows him believes he will so speculate, it must be clear to every experienced person that, pure as he may be, and securely as he may keep his secrets, it will by-and-by be generally believed that he is speculating and making his own and others' fortunes. Mr. McCulloch is probably so sure of himself as to defy calumny, and as for Congress they will simply register his behests.

Gold has advanced during the week in the face of a fall in exchange. It has sold as high as 141½, closing this afternoon at 140. The advance is exclusively due to the excessive short sales by the bears, and the large accumulation in the Treasury, which held on 1st inst. \$51,443,000 in coin. Gold is so scarce for delivery that it has been worth from 1-32 to ¼ of 1 per cent. per day. Every one understands that it must fall, and every one is accordingly selling for the decline. Sterling exchange is very weak—say 108 to 108½ for bankers' bills—over one per cent. below the rate at which specie can be shipped to Europe. In view of the fact, the nonsensical diatribes of some foreign journals about the indebtedness of the United States to foreign countries are rather refreshing. Much uneasiness, not to say embarrassment, prevails in mercantile circles. A heavy decline has taken place during the week in dry goods and in all articles of general merchandise which are bought and sold for currency. Yet goods do not move any the more briskly. The notion is general that we are going to witness a general shrinkage of prices, and dealers buy "from hand to mouth."

Notwithstanding an accumulation of nearly \$100,000,000 of money of all kinds in the Sub-Treasury in this city, money continues to rule at 5 to 6 per cent. on call. In former days, when the Sub-Treasury accumulated \$35,000,000, appeals were made to Congress to legislate this enormous balance into the ordinary channels of circulation, and United States bonds were bought at 116 for the purpose of depleting the Treasury. There is now, however, so much money afloat, and capitalists are so averse, in view of impending contraction, to embark their means in enterprises involving time, that the rate of interest tends downward, in spite of an accumulation in the Sub-Treasury equal to fifteen months' national expenditure on the old scale. Of the balance in the Treasury on 1st inst., \$114,000,000 were on temporary deposit at 4, 5, and 6 per cent. So long as this amount lies in the hands of Government on call, a tight money market is out of the question. It is presumed that Mr. McCulloch's first step, on the passage of the loan bill, would be to fund these temporary deposits. So long as he retains them he is at the mercy of the banks. Sound financiers anticipate early action by the Department on this subject, as, otherwise, it would be difficult to explain why Mr. McCulloch should pay 5 to 6 per cent. for money which he does not seem to want, and which lies idle in the Treasury.

The following table will show the course of the stock, exchange, gold, and money markets during the week:

	Jan. 27.	Feb. 3.	Advance.	Decline.
United States Sixes of 1881.....	103½	103½
5-20 Bonds, old.....	102½	103	½
5-20 Bonds of 1865.....	101½	102	½
10-40 Bonds.....	92½	94½	1½
7-30 Notes, second series.....	98½	99½	½
New York Central.....	91½	87½ ex d.	1
Erie Railway.....	81½	77	4½
Hudson River.....	101½	99½	1½
Reading Railroad.....	99½	99½
Michigan Southern.....	68½	68½
Cleveland and Pittsburgh.....	78½	82	3½
Chicago and North-western.....	28½	27½	½
" " Preferred.....	54½	54½	½
Chicago and Rock Island.....	98½	99½	1½
P., Fort Wayne, and Chicago.....	93½	92½	1½
Canton.....	44½	43½	1
Cumberland.....	44½	44½
Mariposa.....	13	10½	2½
American Gold.....	139½	149	½
Bankers' Bills on London.....	108½	108½
Call Loans.....	6	6

The stock market continues feverish and variable, with a general downward tendency, counteracted in special cases by the efforts of cliques. The Erie clique, which forced up the price just a month ago to 97 per cent., and whose influence in the Board of Direction led to the declaration of the usual dividend of 4 per cent., in spite of the large floating debt of the Company, has come to condign grief. It is estimated that this party held between 40,000 and 50,000 shares of Erie, costing not less than 90. They began to sell, owing to intestine divisions, some ten days ago; they have now forced

down the price to 77, and it is calculated that they have not disposed of one-half their stock. The loss on the operation will not fall far short of a million. So much for cornering speculations in the face of the natural current of prices. The next great fall will be in Cleveland and Pittsburgh. We noticed, last week, the brilliant operation of a clique in that stock, by which \$175,000 had been made in a week. It seems that their success has turned their head. They have been buying again, and no one being willing to sell the stock short, they are gradually becoming owners of all the floating shares, and when they try to sell, a decline of 15 to 20 per cent. will be inevitable. A clique has been buying Michigan Southern too, and had, until this evening, when it broke to 68½, kept the price pretty steadily between 69 and 70. These operators seem to ignore the first principles of trade. If a man buys up all the boots or beef in a country, he may feel pretty sure of selling them at some price or other, because people cannot do without beef and boots. But people can get along famously without either Pittsburgh or Michigan Southern, and if anybody buys them up he runs a fair chance of owning them for an indefinite period. The last quoted sale of Harlem was 280, and of Prairie du Chien 100; nobody would now give 50 for either of them. It will be the same with Pittsburgh and every other stock that is bought up by a clique. Rock Island has recovered somewhat from the depression of last week, partly in consequence of an increase in the receipts for the fourth week in January. At this time last year the weather was execrable, and railway business consequently poor. Fort Wayne continues to drag. Hudson River, the last of the great dividend-paying stocks to fall below par, was down as low at one time during the week as 98½. The only instance of an advance, based on substantial grounds, which we can quote this week, is on Chicago and Alton, which has risen five per cent., selling at 115. It is unquestionably one of the most valuable and best managed railroad properties in the country, and is mainly held for investment. Governments are generally better, notwithstanding the unfavorable financial news from abroad. People have got over the idea that a tight money market in England is going to lead to shipments of U. S. bonds to this side. It is now understood that so long as we pay the interest on our bonds regularly, foreign holders will not sell, but will buy more. It is not unlikely that the market for new five-twenties and ten-forties is being gently manipulated to some extent by the Government agents with a view to prepare the way for a new loan. But of this there is as yet no official intimation.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

OFFICE, 135 BROADWAY.

Cash Capital, - - - - - \$2,000,000 00
Assets, 1st Jan., 1865, - - - - - 3,765,803 42
Liabilities, - - - - - 77,901 52

FIRE, MARINE, and INLAND INSURANCE.

Agencies at all important points throughout the United States.

CHAS. J. MARTIN, PRESIDENT.

A. F. WILMARTH, VICE-PRESIDENT.

JOHN McGEE, Secretary.

J. H. WASHBURN, Assistant Secretary.

W. C. NICOLL, Superintendent Marine Department.

Thirty-first Dividend NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OFFICE, 12 WALL STREET; JANUARY 10, 1866.

The Directors have This Day declared a Semi-Annual Dividend of

SIX PER CENT.,

FREE OF U. S. TAX

(Reserving all unexpired premiums), payable on and after MONDAY, the 15th inst.
P. NOTMAN, Secretary. J. D. STEELE, President.

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OFFICE, 12 WALL STREET.

CASH CAPITAL INCREASED TO - - - - - \$1,000,000
SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1865, - - - - - 275,353
Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.
CHARTERED 1850.
Cash Dividends paid in fourteen years, 248 per cent.
P. NOTMAN, Secretary. JONATHAN D. STEELE, President.

GREAT NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK.

CASH CAPITAL, - - - \$1,400,000 00

THE UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

is one of those well-established and prudently managed Life Insurance Companies which distinguish this nation for enlightened benevolence, practical wisdom, and disinterested philanthropy. It offers superior advantages to the life-insuring public. It is based upon fundamental principles of soundness, and gives abundant security in large accumulated funds. Through the admirable economy of its management large dividends are secured to policy holders. It is prompt in payment of losses, and accommodates the assured in the settlement of their premiums in life policies by receiving a note for one-half when the premium amounts to over \$30.

THIS COMPANY offers PECULIAR ADVANTAGES to persons intending to ensure their lives.

Since its organization it has paid (chiefly to Widows and Orphans) for losses by death,

\$912,342 00,

and

\$412,748 00

in Dividends—a total of over

ONE AND A QUARTER MILLION

of Dollars, and now has, in its Capital and Accumulations, securely invested for the Payment of Losses and Dividends, a fund of

\$1,400,777 16.

This is one of the oldest wholly Mutual Life Insurance Companies in the United States, and has been uniformly successful, having always made large returns in Cash dividends to all the policy holders.

COMPETENT AGENTS WANTED.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 151 BROADWAY.

J. W. & H. JUDD, GENERAL AGENTS.

FIRE INSURANCE

With Participation in Profits.

NORTH AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OFFICE, 114 BROADWAY.

BRANCH OFFICE,

10 COOPER INSTITUTE, THIRD AVENUE.

INCORPORATED 1823.

CASH CAPITAL \$500,000 00
SURPLUS 251,653 11

Cash Capital and Surplus, Jan. 1, 1866, \$751,653 11.

Ensures Property against Loss or Damage by fire at usual rates, and the Assured participate in the Profits of the Business.

Policies issued and Losses paid at the Office of the Company, or at its various Agencies in the principal cities in the United States.

R. W. BLEECKER, Secretary.

JAMES W. OTIS, President.

THE

MORRIS FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE COMPANY,

COLUMBIAN BUILDING, 1 NASSAU STREET.

JUNE 1, 1865.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$5,000,000.

CASH CAPITAL, PAID IN, AND SURPLUS, \$885,040 57.

POLICIES OF INSURANCE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE

Issued on the most Favorable Terms.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, President

ABRAM M. KIRBY, Vice-President.

ELLIS R. THOMAS, Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.,
New York, January 27, 1866.

The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following

Statement of its Affairs on the 31st December, 1865:

Premiums received on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1865, to 31st December, 1865.....	\$6,933,146 80
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1866.....	2,019,324 75

Total amount of Marine Premiums.....	\$8,952,471 53
--------------------------------------	----------------

No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks

Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1865, to 31st December, 1865.....	\$6,764,146 38
---	----------------

Losses paid during the same period.....	\$3,659,173 45
---	----------------

Returns of Premiums and Expenses.....	\$992,341 44
---------------------------------------	--------------

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks.....	\$1,828,585 00
--	----------------

Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise.....	3,330,530 00
--	--------------

Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages.....	221,260 00
--	------------

Dividends on Stocks, Interest on Bonds and Mortgages and other Loans, sundry notes, re-insurance, and other claims due the Company, estimated at.....	144,964 43
---	------------

Premium Notes and Bills Receivable.....	3,233,801 96
---	--------------

Cash in Bank, Coin.....	\$0,462 00
-------------------------	------------

U. S. Treasury Note Currency.....	310,551 78
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Total Amount of Assets.....	\$12,199,975 17
-----------------------------	-----------------

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Sixth of February next.

Fifty per cent. of the outstanding certificates of the issue of 1864 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Sixth of February next, from which date interest on the amount so redeemable will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and cancelled to the extent paid.

A dividend of Thirty-Five per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company, for the year ending the 31st December, 1865, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Third of April next.

By order of the Board,

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES.

John D. Jones,
Charles Dennis,
W. H. H. Moore,
Henry Colt,
Wm. C. Pickersgill,
Lewis Curtis,
Charles H. Russell,
Lowell Holbrook,
R. Warren Weston,
Royal Phelps,
Caleb Barstow,
A. P. Pillot,

William E. Dodge,
Geo. G. Hobson,
David Lane,
James Bryce,
Leroy M. Wiley,
Daniel S. Miller,
Wm. Sturgis,
Henry K. Bogert,
Joshua J. Henry,
Dennis Perkins,
Joseph Gaillard, Jr.,
J. Henry Burgis,

Cornelius Grinnell,
C. A. Hand,
B. J. Howland,
Benj. Babcock,
Fletcher Westray, Jr.,
Robt. B. Minturn, Jr.,
Gordon W. Burnham,
Frederick Chauncey,
James Low,
George S. Stephenson,
William H. Webb.

JOHN D. JONES, President.
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.
W. H. H. MOORE, 3d Vice-Prest.
J. D. HEWLETT, 3d Vice-President.

THE MERCANTILE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE, 35 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

Assets, January 1, 1866 \$1,366,699

ORGANIZED APRIL, 1844.

The Company has paid to its Customers, up to the present time, Losses amounting to over

EIGHTEEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

For the past nine years the cash dividends paid to Stockholders, made from ONE-THIRD of the net profits, have amounted in the aggregate to

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE AND A HALF PER CENT.

Instead of issuing a scrip dividend to dealers, based on the principle that all classes of risks are equally profitable, this Company will hereafter make such cash abatement or discount from the current rates, when premiums are paid, as the general experience of underwriters will warrant, and the net profits remaining at the close of the year will be divided to the stockholders.

This Company continues to make Insurance on Marine and Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks on the most favorable terms, including Risks on Merchandise of all kinds, Hulls, and Freight.

Policies issued making loss payable in Gold or Currency, at the Office in New York, or in Sterling, at the Office of Rathbone, Bros. & Co., in Liverpool.

TRUSTEES.

Joseph Walker,
James Freeland,
Samuel Willetts,
Robert L. Taylor,
William T. Frost,
William Watt,
Henry Eyre,
Cornelius Grinnell,
E. E. Morgan,
Her. A. Schleicher,
Joseph Slagg,
Jas. D. Fish,
Geo. W. Hennings,
Francis Hathaway.

Aaron L. Reid,
Ellwood Walter,
D. Golden Murray,
E. Haydock White,
N. L. McCready,
Daniel T. Willetts,
L. Edgerton,
Henry R. Knabardt,
John S. Williams,
William Nelson, Jr.,
Charles Dimon,
A. William Heye,
Harold Dolner,
Paul N. Spofford.

ELLWOOD WALTER, President
CHAS. NEWCOMB, Vice-Prest.

C. J. DESPARD, Secretary.

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK,

27 & 29 PINE ST., NEW YORK,

Has for sale U. S. 7-10 Notes, all sizes; also, One Year Certificates and all other Government Loans.

P. C. CALHOUN, President.

B. SEAMAN, Cashier.

ANTHONY LANE, Asst. Cashier.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
OFFICES, 1 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
" 139 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - - \$1,000,000 00
ASSETS - - - - - 1,500,000 00

Insurance against Loss by Fire, Marine, Lake, Canal, and Inland Transportation.

STEPHEN CROWELL, President. EDGAR W. CROWELL, Vice-President.
PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

Insurance Scrip.
WILLIAM C. GILMAN,
46 PINE STREET, NEW YORK,
BUYS AND SELLS INSURANCE SCRIP.

The Nation:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

This journal will not be the organ of any party, sect, or body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to

the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features: and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

It is intended, in the interest of investors, as well as of the public generally, to have questions of trade and finance treated every week by a writer whose position and character will give his articles an exceptional value, and render them a safe and trustworthy guide.

A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with care, is pursuing a journey through the South. His letters appear every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting what he sees and hears, leaving the public as far as possible to draw its own inferences.

TERMS:—Six Dollars per annum, in advance; Six months, Four Dollars. When delivered by Carrier in New York or Brooklyn, Fifty Cents additional.

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Celebrated Gold Medal
GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT
PIANOS.

These instruments have been for thirty years before the public, in competition with other instruments of first class makers. They have, throughout that long period, maintained their reputation among the profession and the public as being unsurpassed in every quality found in a first-class Piano.

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AND

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MACHINISTS', FOUNDERS', SMITHS' and BOILER-MAKERS' TOOLS.

SHAFTING, with Ball and Socket Bearings and Double Cone Vice-Couplings, admitting of the easiest possible adjustment.

A complete assortment of PULLEY and WHEEL PATTERNS, from which Castings or finished work will be furnished.

RAILWAY EQUIPMENTS, TURNING and TRANSFER TABLES, and PIVOT BRIDGES.

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For Feeding Boilers.

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The undersigned have associated, under the firm title of OLMSTED, VAUX & CO., for the business of furnishing Designs and Superintendence for Buildings and Grounds, and other Architectural and Engineering Works, including the Laying-out of Towns, Villages, Parks, Cemeteries, and Gardens.

FRED. LAW OLMSTED,
CALVERT VAUX,
FRED'K C. WITHERS.

110 Broadway,
New York, January 1, 1866.

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STATIONERS, STEAM PRINTERS

AND

BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

Supply everything in their line at lowest prices. Every kind of Writing Paper, Account Books, Fancy and Staple Stationery, Diaries for 1866, Expense Books, etc. Orders solicited.

Economical Housekeepers Use

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Affords rare facilities for obtaining a
THOROUGH MUSICAL EDUCATION.

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EBEN TOURJEE, Providence, R. I.

Pacific Mail Steamship Company's THROUGH LINE

TO CALIFORNIA,

TOUCHING AT MEXICAN PORTS,

AND CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL.

Leave Pier No. 42 North River, foot of Canal Street, at 12 o'clock noon, on the 1st, 11th, and 21st of every month (except when those dates fall on Sunday, and then on the preceding SATURDAY), for ASPINWALL, connecting, via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's steamships from Panama for SAN FRANCISCO, touching at ACAPULCO.

DECEMBER.

1st.—HENRY CHAUNCEY, Captain Gray, connecting with CONSTITUTION, Captain Farnsworth.
11th.—ATLANTIC, Captain Maury, connecting with GOLDEN CITY, Captain Bradbury.

21st.—NEW YORK, Captain Horner, connecting with COLORADO, Captain Watkins.

Departures of 1st and 21st connect at Panama with steamers for SOUTH PACIFIC PORTS. Those of 1st touch at MANZANILLO.

Through Passage Rates, in Currency.

FIRST CABIN. SECOND CABIN. STEERAGE,
ON STEAMERS....\$325. \$225. \$100.

Panama Railroad ticket invariably \$25 additional, in currency.

A discount of ONE-FIFTH from steamers' rates allowed to second-cabin and steerage passengers with families.

One Hundred Pounds Baggage allowed each adult. Baggage-masters accompany baggage through, and attend to ladies and children without male protectors. Baggage received on the dock the day before sailing, from steamboats, railroads, and passengers, who prefer to send down early.

An experienced Surgeon on Board. Medicines and attendance free.

A steamer will be placed on the line January 1, 1866, to run from NEW ORLEANS to ASPINWALL, via HAVANA.

For Passage tickets or further information apply at the Company's ticket office, on the wharf foot of Canal Street, North River.

F. W. G. BELLOWES, AGENT.

SCHOOL FURNITURE!

Lecture-Room and Sabbath-School Seetees

IN EVERY STYLE;

MANUFACTURED BY

ROBERT PATON,

94 GROVE STREET, NEW YORK.

THE BEST SEWING-MACHINES IN THE WORLD.

THE WEED MACHINES,

With all their valuable improvements, entirely overcome all imperfections. They are superior to all others for family and manufacturing purposes, simple in construction, durable in all their parts, and readily understood. They have certainty of stitch on all kinds of fabrics, and are adapted to a wide range of work without change or adjustment, using all kinds of thread. Will hem, fell, bind, gather, braid, tuck, quilt, cord, and, in fact, do all kinds of work required by families or manufacturers. We invite all persons in search of an instrument to execute any kind of sewing now done by machinery to inspect them, and recommend all parties engaging in the sale of sewing-machines to make sure they secure the best by examining the WEED before purchasing. They make the shuttle-stitch, which cannot be excelled for firmness, elasticity, durability, and elegance of finish. They have received the highest premiums in every instance where they have been exhibited in competition with other standard machines. The company being duly licensed, the machines are protected against infringements or litigation.

Reliable agents wanted, to whom we offer great inducements. Every explanation will be cheerfully given to all, whether they wish to purchase or not. Descriptive circulars, together with specimens of their work, will be furnished to all who desire them by mail or otherwise.

WEED SEWING-MACHINE CO.,
STORE, 506 BROADWAY, N. Y.

GROVER & BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES

WERE AWARDED THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS

At the State Fairs of

New York,	Illinois,	Virginia,
New Jersey,	Michigan,	N. Carolina,
Vermont,	Wisconsin,	Tennessee,
Pennsylvania,	Iowa,	Alabama,
Ohio,	Kentucky,	Oregon,
Indiana,	Missouri,	California,

And at numerous Institute and County Fairs, including all the Fairs at which they were exhibited the past three years.

The GROVER & BAKER ELASTIC-STITCH SEWING MACHINE is superior to all others, for the following reasons:

1. The seam is stronger and more elastic than any other.
2. It is more easily managed, and is capable of doing a greater variety and range of work than any other.
3. It is capable of doing all the varieties of sewing done by other machines, and, in addition, executes beautiful embroidery and ornamental work.

GROVER & BAKER S. M. CO.,
495 Broadway, New York.

FINKLE & LYON'S

IMPROVED

LOCK-STITCH SEWING-MACHINE.

N. B.—Money refunded if the Machine is not preferred to any in market for family use.
AGENTS WANTED. 538 Broadway, N. Y.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.,

505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE BEST FAMILY MACHINE IN THE WORLD.
Wonderful REVERSIBLE FEED MOTION. SELF-ADJUSTING Tension. No Snarling and Breaking Threads. Four distinct Stitches.

DEMULCENT SOAP,

FOR CHAPPED AND TENDER HANDS,

FOR TOILET AND BATH USE.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

J. C. HULL'S SON,

32 PARK ROW, N. Y.

Upwards of 100 styles of Toilet and Staple Soaps. For sale by all Dealers.

Make Your Own Soap with B. T. BABBITT'S Potash, in tin cans, 70 Washington Street, New York. Pure Concentrated Potash or Ready Soap Maker. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in the market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No lme is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

B. T. BABBITT,

64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington St., N. Y.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,

625 BROADWAY, N. Y.,

MAKE THE

LOCK-STITCH,

and rank highest on account of the elasticity, permanence, beauty, and general desirableness of the stitching, when done, and the wide range of its application.—*Report of American Institute.*

Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines

FOR FAMILIES AND MANUFACTURERS.

THE HOWE MACHINE COMPANY,

ELIAS HOWE, Jr., Pres.,

629 BROADWAY.

Agents wanted.

Improvements in Piano-fortes.

One of the simplest and most truly valuable improvements yet made in the Piano-forte is that invented and patented by

DECKER BROTHERS, 91 BLEECKER STREET,

in this city. By correcting the only imperfections arising from the use of the full iron-plate, and that, too, by not detracting in the slightest degree from its many positive advantages, the Messrs. DECKER have developed in their instruments a tone at once admirable for its purity, fullness, prolongation, and sweetness, and the high estimation in which their improvement is held is well shown in the rapidly increasing business of their firm.—*Tribune.*

MARVIN'S**PATENT FIRE AND BURGLAR SAFE.**

Superior to any others in the following particulars

They are more fire-proof.

They are more burglar-proof.

They are perfectly dry.

They do not lose their fire-proof qualities by age.

Manufactured only by

MARVIN & CO., 265 Broadway.

721 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Send for a descriptive Circular.

Saleras.—B. T. BABBITT'S SALERAT, 70 Washington Street, N. Y. If you want healthy bread, use B. T. Babbitt's best medicinal Saleras, made from common salt. Bread made with this Saleras contains, when baked, nothing but common salt, water, and flour. B. T. BABBITT, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, N. Y.

JESSUP & MOORE,

27 NORTH SIXTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA,

138 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK,

PAPER MANUFACTURERS,

Have on hand, or make to order at short notice, all qualities of Book and News Printing Papers at current market prices.

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Grand, Square, and Upright PIANOS, MELODEONS, HARMONIUMS, and CABINET ORGANS. Wholesale and retail, at reduced prices. To let, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same. Second-hand Pianos at bargain, prices \$50, \$75, \$100, \$125, \$150, \$175, \$200, and \$225. Factory and Warerooms, 421 Broadway. Cash paid for second-hand Pianos.

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This is one of the oldest institutions of the kind in America, having been chartered in 1811, and commenced business in May, 1815.

EVERY ONE SHOULD ENSURE.

While we live we may protect those dependent upon us; but when death severs the tie of all others most dear, it is a consolation to know that our prudence and foresight have made provision for the wants to which we can no longer minister; and the man who has the power, and neglects the opportunity, of providing in this way for the comfort and independence of his family, fails in the duty which he owes to them and himself. Therefore let every one who has not obtained a policy of Insurance upon his life no longer neglect this imperative duty. GREAT CARE SHOULD BE MANIFESTED IN THE SELECTION OF A COMPANY. The

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Offers the following highly important essentials:

It is a strictly Mutual Company;

It has had Twenty Years' Business Experience;

It has large Accumulated Assets;

It gives Liberal Assistance in the payment of Premiums;

Its Dividends are declared Annually;

It is prompt in the Payment of all Losses.

IN FACT,

Special care in the selection of its risks, strict economy, and a safe and judicious investment of its funds, emphatically characterize the management of this Company. Assets over

\$4,500,000.

Annual Dividend, January 1, 1865,

50 PER CENT.

Amount Returned Premiums (Dividends) paid,

\$1,700,000.

Amount Claims by Death paid,

\$3,500,000.

During its existence it has issued

Over 36,000 Policies.**TEN-YEARS NON-FORFEITING POLICIES.**

The New York Life Insurance Company originated, and was the first to bring before the public, the *Ten-Year Non-forfeiting Plan*, which has so fully commended itself to the judgment of thinking men that it has become the most popular mode of assurance, and is rapidly superseding the old method of life-long payment. It has received **THE UNQUALIFIED APPROVAL OF THE BEST BUSINESS MEN OF THE LAND**, large numbers of whom have taken out Policies under it as an investment.

TEN-YEARS NON-FORFEITING PLAN.

A Party ensuring by this table, after the second year, cannot forfeit any part of what has been paid in, and his policy becomes a source of income to him while living.

ANOTHER NEW FEATURE.**TEN-YEARS NON-FORFEITURE ENDOWMENT POLICIES.**

A party ensuring by this table the amount is received by the assured himself, upon his attaining a specified age, while full provision is made for death occurring prior thereto. As a sure and profitable investment for one's declining years, they deserve the attention of all. These policies are coming into general request. *The New York Life Insurance Company* have recently prepared **A NEW TABLE BY WHICH THE PREMIUMS CAN ALL BE PAID IN TEN YEARS AND THE NON-FORFEITURE BENEFIT ALSO SECURED.**

POLICIES ISSUED IN ALL THE USUAL FORMS.

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.

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Parties desirous of acting as Agents will please apply personally or by letter.

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(ESTABLISHED 1829.)

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These Pianos stand unrivalled in regard to their singing quality; volume and purity of tone; sympathetic, elastic, and even touch; and durability of construction, which enables them to remain in tune much longer than ordinary Pianos.

Bradbury's Pianos "the Best."

Pronounced "THE BEST" by the most renowned artists.

SUPERIOR in tone, touch, power, DURABILITY, and elegance of finish. Warerooms 435 and 437 Broome Street, corner of Crosby. Call or send for circular.

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R. ESTERBROOK & CO.,**STEEL PEN MANUFACTURERS,**

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Samples and prices on application. Lots made to order of any pattern or stamp required.

CAUTION.

These Pens are of genuine American manufacture, and equal in finish, elasticity, and smoothness of point to the best imported. They are, therefore, sure to gain the confidence of the American public. The fac-simile of our signature is sufficient security against foreign imitation.

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JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

OF THE OLD STANDARD QUALITY.

TRADE MARK:

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Have taken Thirty-two First Premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the Principal Fairs, held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, in competition with 259 Pianos from all parts of the World.

That the great superiority of these Instruments is now universally conceded is abundantly proven by the fact that Messrs. Steinways' "scales, improvements, and peculiarities of construction" have been copied by the great majority of the manufacturers of both hemispheres (AS CLOSELY AS COULD BE DONE WITHOUT INFRINGEMENT OF PATENT RIGHTS) and that their Instruments are used by the most eminent pianists of Europe and America, who prefer them for their own public and private use, whenever accessible.

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which, having been practically tested in all their grand and highest-priced Square Pianos, and admitted to be one of the greatest improvements of modern times, will hereafter be introduced in EVERY PIANO MANUFACTURED BY THEM WITHOUT INCREASE OF COST to the purchaser, in order that ALL their patrons may reap its benefits.

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